

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

WATTS-DUNTON used to say that true poets are of three degrees of excellence. There is the poet who expresses truly his own mind. There is the poet who in expressing his own mind expresses also the universal mind. And there is the poet who in expressing the universal mind expresses also his own mind. There are many poets who reach the first degree of excellence: they would not be poets without it. Far fewer are the poets who attain to the second degree: WATTS-DUNTON names Pindar, Firdausi, Jami, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Spenser, Goethe, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Schiller, Victor Hugo. The poets who arrive at the last degree of excellence are Shakespeare, Æschylus, Sophocles, Homer, and (hardly) Chaucer—these and no more.

As it is with poets so is it with preachers. There are three degrees of excellence. Every preacher must declare that which he knows, otherwise he is no preacher. And for the most part preachers declare no more than they know. Their experience is limited and it is one-sided. It is theirs, and so has the note of reality which always commands a hearing. But it touches only one here and one there in the congregation, and that only on part of their experience or their need. This preacher is a preacher; but his influence is limited to a few of his hearers, sometimes the more intellectual, sometimes the more emotional; it does

not reach the mass of the waiting multitude; it does not altogether take captive even a single soul.

Next there is the preacher whose personal experience is the universal experience. He has come into contact with human nature. He is more than a preacher, he is a man. His personality is not individuality. When he speaks the whole race speaks in him. It has cost him self-denial to find the universal human heart, it costs him self-restraint to appeal to it. But when he is most unconscious of himself he sweeps through the whole congregation without respect of person or attainment.

Then comes the preacher of preachers. In the universal he has found the particular. In the universal human experience, into which he entered by self-discipline and sympathy, he has seen his own experiences interpreted. By his knowledge of the universal human heart he has come into understanding of the individual human life. And now when he addresses the congregation before him he sees, not a congregation but a single person, this person and that, every separate person throughout; and he appeals, not to the intellect only or only to the feelings, but to the entire personality. The admiration of a whole congregation has been changed into the arrest of every member of it.

For the great preacher when he is at his greatest uses language that is intelligible even to the little children.

In the Fourth Series of F. W. ROBERTSON'S sermons (as Canon J. G. SIMPSON reminds us) there is preserved a letter written by an admirer of the preacher, whose name is withheld, which shows clearly enough that what men and women were seeking, and what ROBERTSON gave them, was a revelation of themselves—their yearnings, errors, struggles, hopes. 'Suppose,' says this critic of the pulpit, 'the preacher goes down into the depths of his own being, and has the courage and fidelity to carry all he finds there, first to God in confession and prayer, and then to his flock as some part of the general experience of Humanity, do you not feel that he must be touching close upon some brother-man's sorrows and wants?'

We have had such preachers among us. Not Joseph PARKER. He was a great preacher, but he preached his own experience exclusively, and some he attracted and some he repelled. Not Alexander MACLAREN. He also was a great preacher, even a greater. He was greater because he interpreted his own experience by the Bible. He was an expositor. He carried with him that universal appeal which the study of Scripture makes almost inevitable. Not PARKER and not MACLAREN, but SPURGEON. Charles SPURGEON preached his own experience, but so preached it that first its eccentricity was lost in the experience of all mankind, and then it was offered to every man's astonishment as his own particular experience.

And there have been others. An undergraduate was walking one day with Professor William BINNIE. They had both attended the ministry of Dr. John LAIDLAW before he was appointed to a Chair in the New College, Edinburgh. Said the student, 'What I felt about Dr. LAIDLAW'S preaching was that it seemed to be always addressed to me

personally.' Professor BINNIE suddenly stopped. He looked at the student. 'Did *you* feel that? It is exactly what I felt every time I heard him.' That was the preacher of preachers. He spoke exclusively to the young man struggling with ignorance, doubt, and sin, and struggling often unsuccessfully; he also spoke exclusively to the saintly professor of long experience and great learning.

We have had such preachers among us. We have such preachers even now. One we shall name. Professor W. P. PATERSON of the University of Edinburgh has issued a volume of sermons in that series which is called 'The Scholar as Preacher.' Its title is *In the Day of the Ordeal* (T. & T. Clark; 4s. 6d. net). For it is a volume of which every sermon is in contact with the present awful reality. But every sermon has also the universal note. And within that note every sermon returns again to the individual.

One of the ways by which we know the great preacher when we read him is this. He covers the whole extent of Christian doctrine. And he does it in every sermon. He does not attempt in every sermon an exposition of a complete scheme of salvation; he does not even mention every separate article of it. But no doctrine is expounded without being brought within the Christian atmosphere. Every other doctrine is in the preacher's mind and contributes both to the fulness and to the reserve of the preacher's thought.

Where can a finer theme be found than the freeness of forgiveness? Professor Paterson handles it finely. But he reminds us that 'those who sin deeply against themselves and against society may readily find that they have brought upon themselves penalties from which there is no escape.' It is the Gospel that God will both forgive and forget. It is no part of the Gospel that our fellow-men will forget or that we ourselves will either forget or forgive.

'The esteem of our fellow-men is a valuable possession; but it is as fragile as some vase of brittle ware; let it once be broken, then, piece it together as laboriously as we may, it can never again be as beautiful as it was. The stigma of a crime can hardly be lived down; but, short of this, if a man be guilty of one flagrant and notorious act of foolishness, intemperance, or untruthfulness, though he may be vastly better than that suggests, the world, which does not draw fine distinctions, will not think so. In the light of that he is remembered, by it he is judged, even as Esau, though he doubtless had many excellent qualities, passed into history as the typical fool—the man who sold his birthright for a supper. It may even be observed that a bad reputation tends to get worse of its own accord, just as Esau, who to begin with was nothing worse than a fool, has come to be described, by the time the story reaches the age of the Apostles, as a profane person and fornicator.'

And then there is 'the implacableness of a man's own memory. The belief in the forgiveness of sins by God will not wholly rob memory of the sting wherewith it torments those who have once made of it an enemy. This seems clear enough if we reflect upon such a story as that told in the Parable of the Prodigal Son, in which God is represented as rejoicing to bestow upon the penitent a forgiveness as full as love may grant. The Jewish father, who stands for God, ran and fell upon the neck of the returning prodigal, but do we think it would be easy for him to forgive himself? Must he not for many a year have felt remorse as he recalled the years which the canker-worm had eaten, as he thought of the patrimony which had been squandered and which was not replaced, as he traced out the after-career of the companions whom he had once convoyed on the way to ruin, or mourned, it might be, for a mother whose grey hairs he had brought down with sorrow to the grave? I will tell young men what they shall fear: they are to fear memory with its

power to torture those who once forgot God and the future.'

It has already been said that one of the most unexpected things which the great war has done or is likely to do for us is to restore certain doctrines of the Christian creed which were passing beyond our belief. And it was observed that one of these doctrines is the doctrine of the Descent into Hell. In the volume of sermons just noticed Professor W. P. PATERSON (whose mind is so greatly exercised by the war, and whose experience of it has been so searching a trial of faith) publishes a sermon on 'The Descent into Hell.'

It is a doctrinal sermon. Now doctrinal sermons are said to be out of date. Why are they out of date? Because people will not accept them? If that were so it would be no reason for their discontinuance. As Dale said long ago, 'they have got to accept them.' But it is not so. The people will listen to them gladly if the preacher takes the necessary trouble to prepare and deliver them. Professor PATERSON first knows what he is going to say about the Descent into Hell. Then he says it with sympathy, with sincerity, with simplicity.

The sermon critic will call his sermon 'an old-fashioned three-decker.' And part of the criticism will be correct. It has three divisions and they are announced just as Robertson or Maclaren would have announced them: 'We shall consider first the principal views which have been held in the Church; next, the light thrown on the subject by Scripture; and lastly, some of the inferences which are supported by the chief scriptural references as we understand them.'

But we have missed the introduction. And to miss the introduction of Dr. PATERSON's sermons is to miss that which invariably arrests the attention. The introduction is in two short paragraphs.

This is the first. 'In listening to the public

recitation of the Apostles' Creed one sometimes has the impression that the voice of the congregation falters when it repeats—"He descended into Hell." It is as if some shivered at the suggestion of some unspeakable mystery, or that they paused in the joyful and confident confession to ask themselves, "Do I really believe this?" or at least, "Do I know what I am confessing?"

And this is the second paragraph. 'There is some excuse, if we are puzzled to know what it exactly means. The article was first inserted in a second edition of the Apostles' Creed as enlarged about 500 years after Christ, and since it was inserted it has been interpreted in many different ways. What it certainly does not mean is what many who use the words suppose to be its obvious meaning. By Hell is popularly understood the place of everlasting torment; and it is natural to suppose that what is taught is that Christ after His death went down to the abode of devils and of lost souls; and further, that as Christ endured the penalty of our sins He there endured for a season in our stead the sufferings of the damned. But this was not the idea of those who first framed the article, nor has it been held in this precise form by any representative teachers of the Christian Church.'

It is no present purpose of ours to quote the sermon, and it cannot be abridged. We pass to the conclusion.

'The teaching of the Scriptures in regard to the future state is marked,' says Professor PATERSON, 'by two features—a great certainty as to the fact of a life to come and as to the conditions of eternal salvation; and an equally striking reticence in regard to secondary conditions and problems.'

'The certainties are—on the positive side, that the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord; on the negative side, that those who are in alienation from God, and under the pollution and the dominion of sin, are even now under the

wrath of God, and must look forward, unless and until they repent, to the manifestation of a greater wrath to come. These are the things which it vitally concerns us to know, and they have been made abundantly clear and assured.'

'But the hand of God has only lifted a corner of the veil. As to the ultimate fate of those who die unsaved, it is the opinion of many devout students, with whom I agree, that we have not materials for dogmatizing. We do not know whether, if there should be a further day of grace, some would resist God to the end; and we do not know whether the finally impenitent, if such there be, will be annihilated or live on in a Hell.'

'In particular, we must say in regard to the intermediate state that we have no sure knowledge—only guesses and hopes. Even if St. Peter meant what we have taken him to mean, we cannot suppose that the difficult passage was given as a special revelation to light up the dark region: at the most it lends support to an inference from the verities of the Christian faith, and in particular from the patient love of God and the known fidelity of Christ, that there will be a further probation for those who died in unbelief. God meant us to live our lives with a large element of dubiety and ignorance alongside of the great certitudes. One reason doubtless was that there is an uncertainty which has unique value as a spiritual discipline, not only for those who feel that there is nothing they fear more than the terror of the darkness, but also for those who because of their ignorance cling closer to their God and Saviour. Also it may be that it is one of the joys of the fatherly heart of God to keep in store a world of merciful surprises, as He certainly has also in store many painful surprises, for the children of His human family.'

We are not getting much at present out of the Divinity of Christ. But His Humanity is inex-

haustible. Every month there are published books—not one book but several books—on the human Jesus. Each author has made discoveries and is surprised. And we are surprised with him.

This month there is one notable book. Its author, we are told, is minister of Parkhead Congregational Church in Glasgow. His name is Henry WALLACE. After writing his book Mr. WALLACE must have been exercised to find a title for it. He chose *Can we know Jesus?* (Scott; 3s. 6d. net). It was not a good choice. That question is answered in the second chapter, and ends with it. Then the book goes on. And not only is that question answered in the second chapter but it is answered wrong. For we cannot know Jesus if we confine ourselves to His Humanity. We can know a good deal about Him, and it will easily be fresh and suggestive knowledge. But to know Him—that is impossible without the comprehensive conclusion at which Thomas arrived: 'My Lord and my God!'

Mr. WALLACE does not deny the Divinity. On the contrary we believe he holds it firmly. But he does not deal with it. He does not include it in his exposition. It is the human Jesus that he finds so surprising. That is why his book has got the wrong title. If he favoured a question he should have chosen the title of the first chapter—Do we know Jesus? And as the answer to that would have been, We do not, he would have had a reason for the writing of the book.

We do not know Jesus. With every new book about Him we know Him a little more. But with every new book we discover that we do not know Him. That is the surprise. And we shall never know Him as He may be known. The surprise will last as long as books are written.

We know Him a little better with every good book. With Mr. WALLACE's book we learn to our surprise that His ministry was divided into three periods. First there was the period of Enunciation

and Miracle, next the period of Criticism and Teaching, lastly the period of vicarious Travail.

In the first period Jesus simply announced His ideas. Did He expect that they would be taken up and acted on? Mr. WALLACE thinks He did. There were those introductory ideas, for example, which we call the Beatitudes. The state of things described in the Beatitudes was not in the world as Jesus found it. His Spirit had to make the world in which they were to be found. 'Blessed are the meek,' 'Blessed are the merciful'—they are not in the world yet to any impressive extent. Was Jesus really disappointed that the world did not welcome them at once? Mr. WALLACE thinks so. And when He wrought miracles among men, and the mighty works did nothing to commend the mighty words, He discovered, says Mr. WALLACE, that the problem was harder than He had conceived.

Then the second period began. It was the period of Criticism and Teaching. 'He must begin further back. He began to teach them, and He began also to try and awaken them, applying the sharp lash of reproach to their morbid content. He began thus to disturb men and to provoke resentment. He was, indeed, laying down the track that led at length to Calvary. This is the period of the parables of judgment, the time of keen introspective analysis. Men did not seem to know the meaning of some plain things at all: they must be taught. And the teaching must continue after it had produced the Cross for Him, and so it must be taught to His disciples. He must also lead them to expect His successor, the Holy Spirit, who would continue the teaching.'

How would the Spirit continue His teaching? By conviction. That is to say, it was not simply teaching that was to be the Spirit's work. It was teaching combined with criticism. It was to have 'judgment' in it.

We miss the point by not translating aright the

essential passage. 'He shall reprove the world of sin, of righteousness and of judgment'—so we read it familiarly. In the less familiar translation we read 'convict' for 'reprove,' and that is better. But the conviction which was to be the work of the Spirit is not conviction of sin. There would be no criticism in that. It was to be conviction concerning sin. It was also to be conviction concerning righteousness and concerning judgment. That is to say, the work of the Holy Spirit was to be to teach the world what sin is, and what righteousness is, and judgment.

For the world does not know what they are. It does not know that sin, the only sin, is the sin of unbelief. The Spirit would teach men and in teaching convict them 'of sin, because they believe not on me.' He would teach them of righteousness, 'because I go unto my Father.' This had been the Lord's first work, but they would not be taught. 'Blessed,' He had said, 'are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake.' Now they would see at least that the righteousness of which He had spoken was righteous. He was going to the Father that the Spirit might teach them that. And He would teach them concerning judgment, that is, discrimination. For the prince of this world would be discovered in all his naked worldliness.

When He had thus handed over the work of teaching to the Holy Spirit, Jesus prepared Himself for the third period of His ministry. Mr. WALLACE calls it 'the period of vicarious Travail.' For now He must go deeper. He has been checked and thwarted by human inertia. 'He must take upon Himself the burden of human hearts; He must bear their sins for them; He must quicken their sense of sin by letting men see its heinous nature in seeking to destroy good just because it *is* good. Even His temporary reluctance to face the Cross does not prevent Him from seeing that it is inevitable. And so He struggled through that great psychic darkness, into which we

can but dimly peer, fighting His way amid inward sorrows we can but vaguely guess at.'

In the year 1883 Dr. Edouard NAVILLE, of the University of Geneva, astonished the world by announcing the discovery in Egypt of the Store City of Pythom. In 1913 he astonished the world again. He announced the discovery that the earlier books of the Old Testament had been written in Babylonian, and the later in Aramaic, none of them having ever been seen in Hebrew until they were translated into that language by the Jews who returned from the Captivity.

In announcing his second discovery, Professor NAVILLE attached to it a refutation of the Higher Criticism of the Old Testament. That probably prevented the discovery from making the impression that it should have done. It did not, however, prevent the trustees of the Schweich Lecture Fund from sending him an invitation to deliver the Schweich Lectures of 1915 before the British Academy. The Lectures are now published under the title of *The Text of the Old Testament* (Humphrey Milford; 3s. net). The Lectures tell the whole story of the discovery, and use whatever evidence in its favour the last three years have produced. Nor do they omit the criticism of the Higher Criticism.

When Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees, to go to a land that he knew not of, he carried his library with him. It consisted of tablets of baked clay—an extremely convenient form in which to possess a library if one had a long way to go. These tablets were written in Babylonian. And being written in Babylonian they could be read not only by men like Abraham, who had been living in Babylonia and was a Babylonian himself, but also by any educated person in any country to which he was likely to go. Abraham left Babylonia about the beginning of the reign of Hammurabi, and by that time Babylonian was the literary and to some extent the spoken language of the

whole of Western Asia, including Phœnicia and Palestine.

What did Abraham's tablets contain? Professor NAVILLE believes that they contained the history of the world from the creation down to the time of his father Terah. He admits that this is conjecture. But it is a conjecture supported by two facts. One is that some of the early narratives in Genesis, such as the narrative of the Flood, have a decidedly Babylonian character. The other is that they also contain the genealogy of Abraham.

Did Abraham write the history himself? Dr. NAVILLE does not say that. More probably so powerful a sheikh as Abraham would have a secretary, a man like Eliezer, who not only 'ruled over all he had,' but also kept the genealogy of his house and was able to record the simple annals of that simple time. These annals would be preserved in the family of Abraham until finally they reached Moses in Egypt. For, you see, Dr. NAVILLE believes that 'Moses wrote the Pentateuch after all.'

In course of time Abraham arrived in Canaan, and settled—such settlement as was ever afforded him—among the people of the land. The Canaanites spoke their own dialect—probably many dialects. But they wrote and could read that literary language which Abraham brought with him from Babylonia in his library of tablets. Of this there is no doubt: For in the year 1888 Egyptian fellahin were working at a place called Tel el-Amarna and came upon a box or jar containing about 300 clay tablets written in cuneiform character. These tablets may now be seen in the museums of Berlin, Cairo, and London. They proved to be part of the archives of kings Amenophis III. and IV., containing their correspondence with the kings of Asia and the governors of the cities of Palestine.

Now although these cities of Palestine were under the dominion of Egypt, the correspondence

between them and the kings of Egypt took place in Babylonian cuneiform. This does not mean that Babylonian was merely the diplomatic language of that day. It means that it was the literary language of Palestine. It was the language in which everything was written that was written. Other discoveries have been made besides those at Tel el-Amarna. Discoveries have been made in Palestine itself. And all the tablets discovered belonging to this early date are written in Babylonian. Hear what Dr. SELLIN says. Dr. SELLIN has no theory to establish like Professor NAVILLE. Yet he says: 'Even supposing that this writing was used only by the rulers and their officials, and that the people could not read and write, this fact is certain: in the already extensive excavations which have been carried on in Palestine no document has ever been found in any except in Babylonian writing. As for the Phœnician or old Hebrew writing, it cannot be asserted with certainty that it existed before the ninth century.'

If, then, the Pentateuch was written by Moses after all, it was written in Babylonian. Dr. NAVILLE does not say that Moses wrote the Pentateuch every word. He has already told us that Abraham probably carried with him from Babylonia the history of the world from the creation to his own day. But he believes that Moses rewrote those tablets. For he says that even in those earliest tablets there are Mosaic touches, details which indicate a man living in Egypt. But he did not alter the language. If Abraham's tablets written in Babylonia were written in Babylonian cuneiform, so were the tablets which Moses wrote, although they were written in Egypt.

Take the Book of Deuteronomy. Dr. NAVILLE believes that when Solomon built his temple he put in the foundations, or somewhere in the walls of it, a cuneiform copy of that second edition of the Law of Moses which we call Deuteronomy. This was a custom both of the Assyrians and of the Egyptians, which Solomon was likely to follow. For it was the best means of establishing for ever

the fact that Jerusalem and its temple was the locality designated in the words, 'The place which the Lord your God shall choose out of all your tribes to put his name there.' This copy of the Law was found in the time of Josiah during certain repairs which were being made on the building.

It was found by Hilkiah the High Priest. Now when Hilkiah the High Priest found the copy of Deuteronomy in the temple he could not read it. Why could he not read it? Because, says Dr. NAVILLE, it was written in Babylonian, and by this time Babylonian could be read only by specially trained scribes. So he brought it to Shaphan the scribe. Shaphan had to read the letters and treaties which came from Assyria and could read cuneiform easily. Shaphan read the book and carried it to the king. It was probably a clay cylinder, found under the wall or under a slab of the pavement.

We have seen that the tablets discovered at Tel el-Amarna were written in Babylonian, even those that came from Phœnicia and Palestine. The next great discovery of texts which throw light upon the language of the Old Testament was also made in Egypt, at a place called Elephantine. It is not tablets this time but papyri. And the papyri are written not in Babylonian but in Aramaic.

A complete change has come over the literary language of the Jews—for these papyri belong to a Jewish colony in Egypt. The change was inevitable. For the Babylonian cuneiform can be written only on wet clay. Some script was necessary for everyday use which could be written on vellum, skin, or paper. Aramaic was an evolution. The people who used it at first were called Arameans, and the Arameans may have originally been a tribe of Mesopotamia. But when we know of them they had no political boundaries. The Hebrews are themselves called Arameans in the Elephantine papyri. 'In the 8th century B.C., when the Jews were bringing Aramaic into Egypt, local princes

wrote in North Syria, in the Amanus, long Aramaic inscriptions which have lately been discovered.'

Now if Aramaic had superseded Babylonian as the literary language of Palestine by the 8th century B.C. it is pretty certain that the Books of the Prophets were written in Aramaic. Professor NAVILLE thinks that official documents like the Books of Joshua, Judges, and Samuel were still written on tablets in cuneiform, but that more popular books like those of the Prophets were written in Aramaic. By the time of Ezra Aramaic was the only language of literature or of religion. It was Ezra's mission to teach the people the precepts of the Law of Moses. They knew something of Aramaic; of Babylonian they knew nothing. Professor NAVILLE believes that Ezra turned the Babylonian of the early books of the Bible into Aramaic. That was the first great translation of the Pentateuch.

The next translation was into Greek. It is the translation of the Septuagint. The translation of the Septuagint was made from the Aramaic. For Josephus says that the books which were translated were written with the characters and in the language of the Jews. Now, the language of the Jews in Egypt, as we know from the Elephantine papyri, was Aramaic. One translation had yet to be made. It was the translation of the Old Testament into Hebrew.

What is Hebrew? On the return from the Captivity two languages were spoken or written in Jerusalem—the language of the country generally, which was Aramaic, and the special dialect spoken in the city itself. What was that dialect? Professor NAVILLE does not call it Hebrew yet. He calls it Jehudith. Jehudith, he says, was the vernacular dialect of Jerusalem.

The return from the Captivity was the birth of Judaism. From that time the life of the nation had its centre in Jerusalem. The dialect spoken in Jerusalem became the language of the land.

Ezra might read the Law in Aramaic still, but the demand was soon made for the Law and also the Prophets in Jehudith.

The Samaritans had already translated the Pentateuch into their own dialect and had written it in their own script. The Jews must not be

behind. They had their own dialect also. It was probably very ancient and had changed but little in the course of time. They now turned it into a literary language by adapting to it the script which we call the Square Hebrew. The Hebrew Bible is the Aramaic Old Testament translated into Jehudith and written in square characters.

James Hope Moulton.

BY PROFESSOR THE REV. GEORGE MILLIGAN, D.D., UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

TWENTY-THREE years ago Dr. W. F. Moulton, the father of Professor James Hope Moulton, contributed to this magazine an 'In Memoriam' notice of my father, in which he dwelt affectionately on the friendship that had existed between them, a friendship first formed in connexion with the work of New Testament Revision in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster, and afterwards cemented by their joint Commentary on St. John's Gospel. And now the Editor has asked me, in my turn, to write an appreciation of Dr. Moulton's distinguished son, whose tragic death has awakened so deep a sense of loss not only amongst those who knew and loved him personally, but amongst all who have at heart the best interests of New Testament scholarship in this land.

It is not easy for me to speak as I would like of Dr. J. H. Moulton, whose friendship has meant so much for me during a long period of years, but it may at least be possible to recall the main events in his career, and to indicate some of the many directions of his varied and brilliant activity.

James Hope Moulton was born in 1863 at the Wesleyan Theological College, Richmond, where his father was at the time Classical Tutor. He had good reason to be proud of his ancestry. As the descendant of a line of Wesleyan ministers running back to John Bakewell, a friend of the Wesleys, and author of the well-known hymn 'Hail, Thou once-despised Jesus,' he had inbred in him from the first that devotion to the Wesleyan Church which was one of his most marked characteristics, while from his father, one of the most accomplished New Testament scholars of his day, he inherited those tastes for exact scholarship which were afterwards to make him famous. He received his early education at the Leys School,

of which his father had become Headmaster, and afterwards entered King's College, Cambridge, with a classical scholarship, where the high expectations formed of him were fully justified by his obtaining a First Class in Part I. of the Classical Tripos in 1884, and a First Class and distinction in Part II. in 1886. In the same year he entered the ministry of the Wesleyan Church, and shortly afterwards was married to the daughter of the Rev. George Osborn, whose untimely death in 1914, followed as it was by the loss of his brilliant elder son at the Front in the autumn of 1916, did so much to darken the closing years of his own life.

In 1888, Dr. Moulton was elected a Fellow of his College, being, I believe, the first Wesleyan minister to receive that honour in Cambridge, and after acting for six years as Classical Master at the Leys, and Classical Lecturer at Newnham and Girton Colleges, he was in 1902 appointed Tutor in New Testament Language and Literature at the Wesleyan College at Didsbury. To the commanding influence which from the first he exercised there his colleagues have already borne generous testimony, while the rapidly growing fame of his scholarship led to his appointment in 1908 as Greenwood Professor of Hellenistic Greek and Indo-European Philology in the University of Manchester.

Other academic distinctions fell freely to him. Already he had won the University of London's gold medal for Classics,¹ and had received its

¹ His father had carried off the same honour for Mathematics in 1856, and his uncle, Lord Moulton, also for Mathematics, in 1868—probably a unique record in one family. Another uncle, Professor R. G. Moulton of Chicago, is widely known on both sides of the Atlantic for his literary interpretation of the Bible.

Doctorate of Literature for a Thesis based on researches into the Grammar of the Greek Papyri. And this was followed by the bestowal on him of the honorary degrees of D.D. by Edinburgh, of D.C.L. by Durham, and of D.Theol. by Berlin on the occasion of its centenary celebrations in 1910. This last recognition of his work touched him deeply at the time, and led to his dedicating the German edition of his *Prolegomena*¹ as a small token of gratitude—

‘Clarissimo illi doctorum virorum collegio,
qui in Universitate Berolinensi
SANCTAE THEOLOGIAE SCIENTIAM
hos centum annos laude per urbem terrarum
amplissima illustraverunt.’

How sadly the words strike us now!

Though very closely connected in recent years with German scholars, notably Professors Deissmann and Thumb, it is a curious fact that Dr. Moulton never visited Germany in person, and that indeed he had never left the shores of his native land until a few years ago he went at the request of Conference to visit his Church's missionary stations in the West Indies. This was followed in 1914 by a lecturing tour in America, where he was when the war broke out. He came home as quickly as possible, but when owing to the lack of students Didsbury College was closed in 1915, he obtained leave to accept an invitation to lecture under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. to educated Parsi communities in India. Notwithstanding various difficulties that arose, his lectures were well received, and I remember in one of his letters a laughing description of how he was met at a railway station and decorated with a wreath of roses by some ardent admirer. The lectures have since been published by the Parsis themselves at their own Publishing House, and on their own initiative.

In addition to the lectures, Dr. Moulton occupied his time in writing a book on *The Treasure of the Magi*, which he intended to be his final contribution to Zoroastrian studies, before returning as he hoped for the rest of his life to his work on Hellenistic Greek. The book was finished just before he left India, and with a striking premonition of what might happen he had three copies typed. One of these went down in

¹ *Einleitung in die Sprache des Neuen Testaments*. Heidelberg, 1911.

the steamer in which he was torpedoed in the Gulf of Lyons on the night of April 4. Another much about the same time reached his brother in safety, and will in due course be published.

Over the accompaniments of Dr. Moulton's death it is too painful to linger. It must be enough that he died at sea, after being exposed for three days and nights to beating about in a boat in a storm. The news was first sent to this country by his friend Dr. Rendel Harris who had joined him in Egypt, and who had himself been previously torpedoed on his way to India towards the end of last year.

Such, then, in briefest outline, is the chronicle of Dr. Moulton's life, a life which to our limited vision seems to have been so mysteriously cut short in the very height of its usefulness. And yet of him in a very special degree it can be said that ‘he being dead yet speaketh,’ both in the cherished memories he has left behind him in the hearts of his pupils and friends, and in those published works in which he has made so important and lasting a contribution to the scholarship of our time.

Of his books the first in order of time was one which already marked the trend in which his life-work was setting, an *Introduction to the Study of New Testament Greek*, which was published in 1896,² to be followed ten years later by the first volume of his *Grammar of New Testament Greek*, usually cited as *Prolegomena*.³

Dr. Moulton's original intention was to take up a work which his father had been prevented by death from accomplishing, the rewriting, *i.e.* as an independent work, of his translation of Dr. G. B. Winer's *Treatise on the Grammar of New Testament Greek*.⁴ And consequently the first edition of his own work bore on its title-page the words ‘Based on W. F. Moulton's Edition of G. B. Winer's Grammar.’ But it soon became evident that the book was so entirely new that, on the strong advice of his publishers, these words were omitted from subsequent editions, and the book appeared on the sole responsibility of its author.

Of the merits of that work it is wholly super-

² By R. Culley, London, in the series of ‘Books for Bible Students,’ edited by Dr. A. E. Gregory. *Two Lectures on the Science of Language*, delivered to students of the University Extension at Cambridge, appeared at the Cambridge University Press in 1903.

³ Published by T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh. A fourth impression appeared in 1913.

⁴ The eighth English edition appeared in 1877.

fluous to speak. As its sub-title *Prolegomena* suggests, it was not intended in any sense to be exhaustive, but rather to sketch by way of general introduction the history and characteristics of 'Common' Greek as it meets us in the New Testament, and to illustrate the nature of the light thrown upon its grammar by the stores of Egyptian papyri and of inscriptions, which had recently become accessible, and to which the writer's attention had been directed by Dr. Deissmann's epoch-making *Bible Studies*.¹ But so thorough-going is the treatment of the many points touched upon, so many are the 'nuggets of pure gold' extracted from the new 'vein of treasure,' that it is not too much to say that the book has come to be generally regarded as wholly indispensable for the modern study of the Greek New Testament.

The work was originally to have been completed by a second volume of systematic grammar and accidence; but the writer's materials grew so rapidly on his hands that this was soon seen to be impossible. Accordingly two additional volumes were planned, the first to be devoted wholly to Accidence, and the second to Syntax. So far as I am aware, practically nothing was done to the Syntax volume, unless what may be gathered from stray papers and notes. But it will be good news to those who have been asking so anxiously for a fresh instalment of the Grammar, to learn that, before his departure for India, Dr. Moulton left the manuscript of practically the whole of the Accidence volume in his publishers' hands in a sufficiently advanced state to warrant the hope that it may still be found possible to issue it at no very distant date.

In addition to the *Grammar*, Dr. Moulton was engaged at the time of his death in the preparation of a *Vocabulary of the Greek Testament*, illustrated from the papyri and the other non-literary sources which in the *Grammar* he had already found so useful. The idea of the work originated in a few papers of *Lexical Notes from the Papyri* contributed to the *Expositor*, but finding that the immense labour involved was too much for himself alone, he invited me to join in the undertaking, and I can truly say that the close intercourse into which we were thus brought has proved for me the most educative and stimulating influence in my whole student-life. No one could fail to be moved by his eager enthusiasm, by his strict demand for the

most scrupulous accuracy, and (may I add?) by his generous indulgence towards all work submitted to him. One could truly say regarding him, what he himself said of one of his early teachers, that 'his pupils always had to struggle with the impression that they were there really to impart information to him.'

Two Parts of the *Vocabulary* have already been published,² and, at the very time when the news of Dr. Moulton's death reached me, I was busy completing from our common materials the first draft of a long Third Part extending to about the middle of the alphabet for his revision and suggestions on his return. And now without these, it seems well-nigh impossible that the work can ever be satisfactorily accomplished.

Outstanding, however, as were Dr. Moulton's services in connexion with the study of Hellenistic Greek, they were far from exhausting his scholarly activities. While at Cambridge, he had read the *Gâthâs* with the late Professor E. B. Cowell, and in 1902 the first-fruits of his studies in this direction appeared in the important article on *Zoroastrianism* contributed to Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*. This was followed a few years later by the charming little book entitled *Early Religious Poetry of Persia*,³ dedicated to the memory of his old teacher. 'The fascinating field of Avestan literature,' so he wrote in the Preface, 'has been strangely neglected in our country. I have tried in a modest way to open it up for students of poetry and students of religion, who will I trust at least recognize from these pages that the subject is worth pursuing further.' That his own competence as a guide in a subject surrounded by so many pitfalls was by this time fully admitted was shown by his selection in 1912 as Hibbert Lecturer, when he delivered a course of lectures on *Early Zoroastrianism*, which were afterwards extended and published under that title in a volume running to nearly 500 pages.⁴ Amongst the friends who read his proofs, and to whom he acknowledges his indebtedness, was Dr. L. C. Casartelli, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, who also holds the post of Lecturer in Iranian in Manchester University. And as showing the high esteem in which the lectures were held by so competent an

² By Hodder & Stoughton. Part I. A; Part II. B—A.

³ In the 'Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature' Series: Cambridge, 1911.

⁴ Williams & Norgate, London, 1913.

¹ English translation by A. Grieve: T. & T. Clark, 1901.

authority, it is pleasant to read the Bishop's appreciative remarks in an article contributed to the *Manchester Guardian* a few days after Dr. Moulton's death—"This is really a most important contribution of the first rank to our knowledge of the Gathic hymns, the most ancient part of the Avesta, and discusses with considerable originality of view several extremely important problems underlying the history of the Iranians and their religious developments. . . . Had he been spared Dr. Moulton would doubtlessly have enriched Oriental learning still further with valuable publications."

The same year which saw the publication of the Hibbert Lectures saw also the publication of his Fernley Lecture, *Religion and Religions*.¹ The book was written hurriedly amidst the absorbing demands of his Zoroastrian work, and principally during a brief holiday in the Lake District, but on every page it affords eloquent proof of the writer's absorbing interest in missionary work, and also of his skill in presenting the problems of Comparative Religion in a clear and telling way.

The same qualities appear once more in the last book which he published in this country, a collection of five popular lectures on the New Testament, originally delivered in America, and brought together under the characteristic title *From Egyptian Rubbish-Heaps*.² The lectures are accompanied by a sermon preached at Northfield on 'The New Song' of Rev. 14³, to which there is also a touching allusion in the Preface dated from Bombay on the first day of last year, when his own domestic loss and the strain of the war were pressing very heavily upon him—"I am now for a year alone in a distant land, trying to teach the New Song to some lips of them that are dumb. It is the only music that can permanently solace either the solitary mourner or the nations where well-nigh every house has one dead. And so, in spite of all the changes that have come, I send my song across the sea, and pray that some notes of it may

reach those who "know me not, yet weep with me."

With these pathetic words I might well close this very imperfect notice, but I can hardly do so without insisting once more that if for the sake of those who 'knew him not' this paper has necessarily been largely taken up with an account of Dr. Moulton's public life and utterances, to those who had the privilege of his friendship the thoughts of his great intellectual powers and of his brilliant scholarship fade before the memory of the arresting charm of his personality. How his boyish eagerness, his large warm-heartedness, his scorn of anything mean or base, his profound appreciation of every effort after good, his bright and sparkling humour come back to one! There seemed to be no limit to his interests and sympathies. At any moment he was ready to turn from some dry discussion on a Greek particle—if anything he touched could be called dry—to pour forth his views on some question of Church or Imperial interest, or to summon others to join him in a crusade on behalf of social righteousness and well-being. Whatever he undertook, he undertook with his whole heart. And if his friends sometimes had misgivings about the amount of time and strength he expended on matters which to them seemed to lie outside his own immediate sphere, they quickly learned that it was vain to remonstrate. He was made that way. He must have his say out at all costs. And who will now venture to say that he was wrong?

One thing at least is certain. Whatever he said or did was to him an offering of 'service' to Him in whose will is our Peace. And now that he himself has passed beyond the veil that hides us from the Unseen, he has left behind in the hearts of all who loved him the strengthening assurance, described by one of his friends in memorable words which he was very fond of quoting, 'that somewhere, beyond these earthly shadows, there is a world of light eternal, where the obstinate questionings of the mind will be answered and the heart find rest.'³

¹ C. H. Kelly, London.

² *Ibid.*

³ J. G. Frazer, *Passages of the Bible*, 2nd edit, p. x.

Shadow and Substance.

BY THE REV. A. E. GARVIE, D.D., PRINCIPAL OF NEW COLLEGE, LONDON.

IN two previous contributions to *The Expository Times*¹ the writer endeavoured to set forth some of the wealth of Christian truth contained in the *Epistle to the Hebrews*. As the fruits of his study and meditation have not been fully offered, he ventures to return to the subject in order to present it from the standpoint suggested by the title of this article, bringing, as it does, the thought of the Epistle into relation to modern intellectual interests. For convenience, the four aspects of the theme to be dealt with may be described in the terms *idealism*, *evolutionism*, *meliorism*, and *universalism*.

I.

(1) The *idealism* of the Epistle is stated most explicitly in 11³: 'By faith we understand that the worlds have been framed by the word of God, so that what is seen hath not been made out of things which do appear.'

This is not merely an affirmation of the fact of creation; there is an indication of its mode. There is a philosophy implied in this article of faith; and it is a philosophy that underlies the thought of the whole of the Epistle. Of the author, Dr. Dods writes: 'Trained in Alexandrian thought, he cherished the Platonic conception of the relation of the seen to the unseen. It was his inalienable conviction that the visible world is merely phenomenal, the temporary form or manifestation of the invisible, archetypal world which alone is real and eternal. In the Epistle these two worlds are continually related by contrast. The unseen world (πράγματα οὐ βλεπόμενα, 11¹) is the eternal counterpart of this present order of things (αὕτη ἡ κτίσις, 9¹¹); the reality, of which earthly things are but the shadow (σκία, 8⁶). The visible heaven and earth are one day to pass away "as things that have been made" (ὡς πεποιημένων, 12²⁷), but this only in order that the eternal things which cannot be removed may remain alone existent' (*The Expositor's Greek Testament*, vol. iv. pp. 238-9). Certain modifications of the Platonic idealism must, however, be noted. (a) It

is not with an impersonal system of ideas that the writer is concerned; but the unseen source of the seen is the mind of God, in which the seen world archetypally exists for ever. (b) It is not a static idealism, but a dynamic; it recognizes deed as well as thought; it is the Word of God which actualises the ideas of the unseen world in the things of the seen; and the Word of God is no abstract conception, but personal reality, the Son of God (1², 'through whom also he made the worlds'). Here the writer is in agreement both with John's Gospel (1³) and with Paul (Col 1^{16, 17}). (c) The world seen thus produced 'out of the world unseen has a unity and order (κατηρίσθαι); there is no suggestion that the divine intention is thwarted by an alien matter, so that ideas get only imperfectly expressed in things. (d) Most interesting of all, however, in this statement is the conjunction of faith and understanding, πίστις νοούμεν; the two are not mutually exclusive, but mutually complementary. Faith accepts the testimony of revelation to the act of creation; the understanding makes that act intelligible by the conception of the process which it forms. To the other thoughts we shall have occasion to return in connexion with other passages, but this thought is one over which we may now linger.

(2) A much-debated question is this: Can God's existence be proved from the world as reason interprets it? Must we not always put into the conclusion more than we can draw out of the premises? The writer's words, πίστις νοούμεν, seem to give the answer. It is the religious consciousness receptive of, and responsive to, the divine reality itself that gives the datum that God is, and what God is. It is the philosophical reason that fits that datum into the framework of human knowledge; reason confirms, and is itself completed in faith. (a) It would carry us far beyond the necessary limits of the present discussion to deal with the theistic evidences. Only this brief summary may be given. The modern counterpart of the ontological argument is this: if intelligence can and does make the world intelligible, there is intelligence in the source of the world; the world expresses mind. If the world is to be

¹ Vol. XXVI.—(1) In Praise of Faith, pp. 199, 278, 328;

(2) The Pioneer of Faith and Salvation, pp. 502, 546.

conceived as a system of forces manifold and yet one, it is only on the analogy of the human will that force itself can be conceived; in the world will is exercised; this is how the cosmological argument may be restated. But the combination of mind and will yields us the idea of purpose: and the world as a whole in its intelligible evolution does show the fulfilment of purpose; the teleological argument, based not on single isolated instances of assumed design, but on the whole world as an intelligible system of force, can still claim validity. (b) About the next step there may be difference of opinion. It may be held that reason itself moves by necessity from the finite to the Infinite as its explanation, since it cannot find rest in the finite. If this be so, then reason itself can pass from finite world to infinite mind, will, purpose, and call it God. If we are not sure of this necessary movement of reason, we may fall back on the thought that is now engaging our attention. Faith has the idea of God; faith and reason can join hands in identifying the mind, will, purpose, reason finds in the world with God. Reason justifies faith in its movement from the seen to the unseen, for reason must explain the seen by the unseen. Faith completes reason in offering it the assurance of a reality in the unseen adequate to explain the seen. Here and there the speculative intellect may perhaps, apart from the religious consciousness, reach some sort of conception of God; but for most men it is faith that gives the datum, which reason can then confirm.

II.

(1) In the explanation of the world, modern thought has been guided by the conception of evolution; and it must often appear to the thinker to-day a wonder and surprise why this conception has not been dominant in human thinking before. He who thinks deeply on the deepest things is most likely to rise above the modes of thinking of his own time. Paul had a glimpse of the truth of evolution when he, in contrasting Adam and Christ, declared 'that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual' (1 Co 15⁴⁶). The writer of the *Epistle to the Hebrews* has it in the opening statement of his argument, 'God, having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of these

days spoken unto us in his Son, whom he appointed heir of all things, through whom also he made the worlds; who being the effulgence of his glory, and the very image of his substance, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had made purification of sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high' (1¹⁻³). It is not putting an undue strain on the meaning of the words to suggest that the writer had some sense of the progressiveness of revelation. This idea is implied in the whole of his argument. If he held, as it is probable he did, that the law was given by the mediation of angels (cf. Gal 3¹⁹), then in subordinating angels to the Son (1⁴⁻¹⁴ 2⁵⁻¹⁸) he is placing law as well as prophets at a lower stage of revelation than the final and perfect stage in the Son. So also is Moses inferior to Christ (3⁸), Joshua too (4^{8.9}), Aaron and his priesthood (7 ff.). To the comparison of Christ's priesthood, sacrifice, intercession, we must return in the last section: the thought that now must hold our attention is this, that in Christ, and Christ alone, revelation is final, and redemption complete.

(2) Recognizing a progress to Christ, he does not recognize a progress beyond Him. His evolutionism is not that of Hindu thought with its endless cycles, nor that of Herbert Spencer with his alternative evolution and devolution; and the reason is plain. In Christ the eternal has entered into the temporal, the divine into the human, the substance into the shadow. This truth he expresses in the language of his philosophy. Not only is the Son the heir of all things, through whom also God made the worlds, but He is also described as ἀνάγασμα τῆς δόξης καὶ χαρακτὴρ τῆς ὑποστάσεως αὐτοῦ. In Christ the seen ceases to be a shadow (σκία) of the unseen, but the very image (ἀντήν τὴν εἰκόνα, 10¹), not an imperfect, partial reproduction, but a manifestation adequate to the reality itself. The glory is really in the effulgence, and the substance in the *impress* (R.V.m., a better rendering of χαρακτήρ than 'image'). The figurative language is drawn from the physical realm, but the reality expressed is personal, ethical, spiritual, as we shall afterwards show. Nor do we need to linger on the metaphysics of the statement, for the philosophy in this Epistle is quite subordinate to the moral and religious experience. While the physical universe is a manifestation inferior to the world of ideas in the mind of God, while in previous history even of the divine revela-

tion and of human religion there had often been only shadow, and not yet substance, in Christ at last perfectly the substance had expressed itself in the very image adequate to it. It need hardly be pointed out that here the writer goes beyond his Platonic idealism, for in Plato the seen remains, and must always remain, only the shadow of the unseen, and never its very image.

(3) It is this adequacy of the image to the substance that explains the claim of finality ('at the end of these days,' 1²) and permanence for the revelation and redemption in Christ. 'Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and to-day, yea and for ever' (13⁸), because while fulfilling God's purpose in time, He Himself belongs to God's eternity. As is his wont, the writer blends practical exhortation and doctrinal exposition; and so the context of this declaration of the sameness of Jesus teaches that the truth has a twofold consequence for life. The Christian generations can all live by the same faith, because of its unchanging object (v.7). The fashions of thought of the passing hour cannot claim the believers' acceptance, because the content of their thought must remain unchanged (v.9). But it may be objected that such permanence involves stagnation, and excludes progress for the Christian Church. Some minds to-day are so obsessed by the idea of evolution, that they cannot allow the possibility even of rest, but insist on the necessity of move-

ment in religion and morals. The writer's view does certainly exclude the setting aside of Christ as the object of faith, or the thinking of Him in altogether new and strange ways; but it does not exclude all progress, for on the one hand the object of faith is not a past creed, code, or ritual, but a present living person, and on the other, the subject of faith is a developing mind. Because Christ 'is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them' (7²⁵), the believing community as well as the individual believers have ever fresh experiences of His grace; and the history of the Church, in so far as it proves itself really His body, is the biography of Christ as Saviour and Lord. If we may seek light on one portion of Scripture from another, we may recall Christ's own words about the greater works of the believer because of His ascent to the Father (Jn 14¹²); and conclude that Christ's permanence includes progress for His Church. Again, if we recall the writer's striking combination, already discussed, *πίστει νοοῦμεν* (11⁸), we may admit progress with permanence no less on the subjective than on the objective side. The *πίστει* is the permanent relation, the *νοοῦμεν* is the progressive understanding of that relation. As the writer used the philosophy of his own age, so has the Christian Church used changed thought to express and explain abiding truth.

Literature.

A. B. DAVIDSON.

WHEN Professor James Strahan undertook to write a biography of *Andrew Bruce Davidson* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), Professor of Hebrew in the New College, Edinburgh, he knew very well that he was undertaking a task of extreme difficulty. Time was slipping past (he died in 1902), materials were scanty (he was neither diarist nor letter-writer), and above all every student of his was ready to criticize, not believing that justice could be done by any biographer to the exquisite combination of gifts and experience which made up his personality. Dr. Strahan undertook the work out of love, love as unquenchable as woman's. In the light of that unquench-

able love for a teacher to whom so much was due that had made life good, the book is to be estimated.

No relative could have written more affectionately. And a relative would have had to discover weaknesses in order to avoid the charge of adulation. When Tennyson's memoir was published, Meredith said it was not a biography, it was an idolatry. One can say that of Dr. Strahan's life of Davidson without offence. For if a student, after four years of that daily attitude towards Professors which so easily passes from criticism to condemnation, still finds his Professor adorable, we accept it without resentment. Besides, in this case those who were never students of Davidson's, but knew him, invariably

wished to be counted among those who loved. Dr. Strahan has discovered but one exception, and characteristically makes something of it—to the disadvantage of the exception. Thus the biography owes its success to its unqualified and unrelieved appreciation.

For, strange to say, that unqualified and unrelieved appreciation offers us a man clearly realized and credible. It is not idolatry. The creature is not worshipped as Creator. This Professor of Hebrew maintains discipline in his class by no miracle. He hears the slightest sound; he knows its origin. He is quick to discover the meaning of a movement and to make use of a situation. The smart man delivers himself into his hands, the insincere finds no mercy. 'An old student, who had to demit his charge under the Inefficiency Act, came to him and said, "It will encourage you to know that I owe all my knowledge of the Old Testament to you." "Oh, it isn't worth mentioning." Another time the same gentleman said to him, "I wish to bring before you an intellectual difficulty, Dr. Davidson." The difficulty having been stated, the Professor said, "I don't know that I would call that an *intellectual* difficulty."

'A young Divinity student, "doubting at every pore," and probably rather proud of the achievement, called upon the Professor. He unfolded the long tale of his difficulties. The Professor must have detected something unreal or affected about his visitor, for he sat in silence. The young doubter came at last to the end of his recital and rose to go. Davidson had no objection, and saw him to the door. There the young man looked up at the sky, and said, "It's a lovely evening." "Oh," said Davidson incisively, with some trace of astonishment, "are you sure of *that*?"'

A bachelor and a student, he brought his widowed niece and her little children to his house in Edinburgh, and 'I think,' says the niece, 'that he was happy in those years. I know he used to sing as he came up from the tram.' 'Any one who visited him during the last two years of his life might find him with a book in his hand and a slumbering child in her cot beside him.'

PROFESSIONALISM.

What is the opposite of originality? Is it not plagiarism? No, says Dr. F. H. Hayward, it is

professionalism. For professionalism is convention, and originality is creativeness; and these two are deadly enemies. Dr. Hayward feels their enmity so keenly that he has written a book for the sole purpose of exposing the faults of the professional. Its title is *Professionalism and Originality* (Allen & Unwin; 6s. net).

Dr. Hayward does not deny that there is some good in professionalism. 'It is one of the chief agents by which social heredity is handed down. Each great profession represents a certain mass of knowledge, and to enter the profession is to acquire this mass of knowledge.' More than that it is specialization, 'and all the affairs of life demand, at some point or other, specialist training. They are themselves special, not general: extracting teeth; teaching children arithmetic; mending an Otto gas engine; cooking a dinner; making a speech.' And still more, 'professionalism is a necessity for the individual, because it helps to make life worth living. The youth who grows up without the ability to do anything well can take no pride in himself, and can attain no happiness except such as he can extract from sensualism and excitement. This holds good whether he sell newspapers at street corners or patronize Ascot and Monte Carlo; and it holds good also of woman, whatever be the thrills she seeks—scandal-mongery, beer-drinking, picture-shows, flirtations, divorcings, consulting West End fortune-tellers, or attending revivalistic or sacerdotal religious services.'

In spite of all that, and more than that, professionalism is an evil—the evil—in education, if not altogether in life. And to its condemnation and death (if possible), Dr. Hayward devotes the pages of this handsome octavo volume. He makes his statement—as that 'professionalism seeks to acquire power, privileges, and emoluments for itself'—and then he illustrates it by examples from the clergy, the lawyers, the doctors, and sometimes also as bureaucrats, critics, journalists, and statesmen. And always the offence is that professionalism is the enemy of originality.

The end is interesting. The one and only purely original person Dr. Hayward has discovered is the Lord Jesus Christ.

IDEALS.

A lecture on *National and International Ideals in the English Poets*, which Professor C. H. Her-

ford, M.A., Litt.D., delivered in the John Rylands Library, Manchester, has been published by Messrs. Longmans (1s. net). 'We may distinguish,' says Dr. Herford, 'three types of national ideal. In a complete and mature patriotism they will all be found; but, in patriotism as it has commonly been, and still for the most part is, one or other falls short. There is first, the "simple" patriotism of the warrior fighting and dying for his native land, and thinking that true glory. The cry of this patriotism is heard in the first beginnings of all national history, and is heard to the end. It was never more alive than it is in Europe to-day. But as a nation grows in strength and complexity, new problems emerge, for which this primitive patriotic passion offers no solution: problems of internal right, the struggle of sovereign and subjects, of privileged orders and the people, of rich and poor; it becomes evident that a nation secure from without may be shattered from within, and then perhaps for the first time fall an easy prey to an external foe. Thus arise more complex ideals of national well-being, which may lead men equally devoted to their country along different, even opposite paths; whole-hearted patriots are found on both sides in every civil war, as well as in the normal antagonisms of parties. But these ideals may still ignore everything outside the nation; they may be national in the narrow sense of those who regard the well-being of other nations only as it contributes to the power, wealth, or glory of their own; and it is possible, as we see in Germany to-day, for an ideal of national life to be extraordinarily developed in respect of its own internal organization, and yet on a very low plane in regard to the well-being of other nations. There remains then a third phase of national ideal, which regards the nation as fulfilling its function only when it acts as a member of the community of Man. This third phase, even from a strictly "national" point of view, marks an advance. For just as a man who wrongs his fellow-citizens will be apt to wrong his family, if only by loading them with privileges or luxuries beyond their due, so a nation which is unjust to other nations will be also deeply unjust to itself, if only by stimulating beyond measure those sides of its life, those elements of its strength, which serve only for aggression and expanse.'

The lecture then shows how the English poets have exalted one or the other of these ideals. It

is in Swinburne and Meredith that he discovers the international ideal most clearly expressed.

SCIENCE AND THE FAITH.

We are not so desperately anxious now as we used to be to hail the approach to God of every possible scientific observer. We understand better what religion is and what science is. Nevertheless it is a good sign, and we shall welcome it, that a man of so distinguished a scientific reputation as Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, the President of University College, Cork, has thought good to write a book on *The Church and Science* (Catholic Truth Society; 7s. 6d. net) for the very purpose of showing that true science never does and never can touch our faith in the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, otherwise than by bowing in reverence before the glory of it.

In the Church of Rome the controversy between Science and Religion is still existent if not acute. And so Sir Bertram Windle goes carefully into the matters in dispute, one by one, not omitting the Days of Creation, in order to show that there is no real conflict. Is he somewhat hampered on the one side by Papal pronouncements, and on the other by the equally infallible declarations of certain scientific observers, that between science and the creed of the Church there can be no possible reconciliation? He meets both sides faithfully. The Catholic Creed is often misunderstood, the man of science often misunderstands himself. Rigidly restricting science to its own business, he shows that where religion touches that province it is never to dogmatize independently but simply to use the facts which science has discovered, or perhaps, without thinking of science at all, to accept the open and popular observation of the senses. He is willing to let science speak with authority within its own sphere of influence; without that sphere he claims that religion is supreme and can speak with no less authority.

Sir Bertram Windle recognizes one antagonism which has not yet been sufficiently dissolved. It is the antagonism between creation and evolution. Is it an antagonism that is irreducible? He does not think so. The Church must accept many small facts which hitherto it has ignored or denied; science must accept one great fact—the fact of a creative God. But it is largely, as usual,

a matter of misunderstanding. So this is the way in which the book closes :

'Above all, let us exhibit humility when we come to regard God as well as His creation. Catholics, of course, exhibit such humility in face of the mysteries of their Faith ; but there is a kind of shallow mind, which thinks—and even sometimes says—that one should not believe anything one cannot understand—an attitude of mind which would certainly limit one's beliefs. It is only common sense to say that if we could understand God and all His ways, either He would not be God or we should all be gods. Tennyson's philosophy on that point was accurate and sound :

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies ;—
Hold you here, root and all in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

The quotation may be hackneyed, but it is none the less apposite.

'Let us learn humility and patience from Science if we learn nothing else ; but we shall miss its greatest lesson if it fails to teach us the greatness of the Creator, from whose Idea all these wonders took their origin.'

APPLIED SOCIOLOGY.

'Sociology is the study of man and his human environment in their relation to each other.' There are two departments of sociology, the theoretical and the practical. Theoretical sociology 'studies phenomena, ascertains facts, and establishes laws and principles. It has no object in view beyond the acquirement of knowledge.' Practical or applied sociology takes advantage of the knowledge thus acquired and uses it to serve some human purpose. The one is more of a science, the other is more of an art.

Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild's book is an *Outline of Applied Sociology* (Macmillan). His business is to examine 'the human relationships of modern civilized societies with the avowed purpose of evaluating them, of distinguishing helpful tendencies and forces from those which are pernicious, and of devising means to perpetuate that which is good, to eliminate that which is

bad, and to reshape the social organization the better to serve human welfare. Just as the applied sciences in the material field seek to control and direct the forces of nature for conscious ends, so applied sociology seeks to manipulate social forces to accomplish human desires. Both are absolutely dependent on the forces which exist ; neither can escape from the domination of these forces, nor go a step further than the forces make possible. But both can control and direct the forces, so that they operate as dynamic agents for human welfare, rather than as unconstrained and vagrant powers of evil.'

He holds with Professor Sumner that 'all human action springs ultimately from the feelings, and the resultant social phenomena may consistently be classified on the basis of the feeling from which they originate.' He accordingly classifies social phenomena into 'four great groups of social activities. The feelings are hunger, love, vanity, and what is, in its simplest form, the fear of ghosts. The activities which result may be enumerated as the self-maintenance of society, the self-perpetuation of society, the self-gratification of society, and the mental reactions—religion, science, philosophy, etc.'

Within the last group falls Religion, which is treated as a wholly human product. Professor Fairchild is unaware that the 'ghost-theory' has been given up by anthropologists. He is unaware that no competent student of religion now studies it in its primitive forms in order to obtain the most scientific data for his generalizations. But the phenomena of Religion occupy small space in the book and cannot be said to affect the value of its conclusions. Very useful, on the other hand, are the chapters dealing with sin in its economic aspects. And the distinction between sin, crime, and vice deserves careful consideration. There are only two kinds of economic vice worth mentioning, he says—gluttony and gambling.

Near the end, Professor Fairchild makes an appeal for the modernization of the language in which the Gospel is offered to the people. We live in cities now, and the 23rd Psalm is scarcely intelligible. We must call Christ, not Lord, Lord of Hosts [where is He so called?], Master, King, Prince, Leader ; but employer, manager, president, entrepreneur, representative. 'The great problem,' he says, 'is how to interpret religious truths in the light of new conditions, how to disseminate new

views without the loss of devotion and the sense of authority, and how to enable the everyday man to abandon cherished religious concepts without abandoning religion itself. In the way of progress stands ever the hide-bound sectarian, singing at the top of his lungs, "It's the old-time religion, and it's good enough for me."

He gives this illustration: "On a busy street corner in Boston stands a large brick church building. Its architecture is solid and sober, its walls are adorned with stained glass windows, and its towering spire points heavenward. But covering the sides of the building are flamboyant posters announcing to all that pass by that within may be seen "The World in Motion," that there is a "High-Class and Refined Entertainment for Man, Woman, and Child," and that the "Program is Changed Daily." The temple of the Most High is now dedicated to the Genius of the Movies. And the most significant aspect of the matter is that whereas, when the edifice ceased to be devoted to its original purpose, it was probably attracting a few scattered handfuls of attendants once or twice on Sunday, it now draws crowds every afternoon and evening—and they pay to get in. It is evident that the managers of the building are now "giving the people what they want."

'How shall the church give the people what they want, and how shall the people be made to want what the church ought to give them? These are the problems of the Christian church in an industrial democracy of the twentieth century.'

A LITERARY LIFE.

Authors and travellers are soon forgotten. We believe that we have seen the name Charles MacFarlane in an occasional biography. But the recollection is not definite. And yet he wrote a considerable number of books, including, he tells us, five-sixths of Knight's Pictorial History of England, which appeared, as we know, in eight large, closely printed volumes in double column, 'equal to at least thirty-two volumes of the common octavo editions of Hume and Smollett.' He died in 1858, in somewhat embarrassed circumstances, as the euphonious phrase is, which he himself attributed to this very History of England and its editor, Charles Knight. His words are: 'Through him—and I may say almost entirely through him—I find myself, in fast-

coming old age, and with many and increasing infirmities, *dépourvu de tout*, a ruined man. But I repeat, I nourish no spite, I scarcely feel resentment. I would say, "May peace be with my old ally!"—but Charles Knight will never know peace on this side the grave.' Before he died he wrote his reminiscences, but did not find a publisher.

In the spring of last year Mr. John F. Tattersall, running over the catalogue of an antiquarian bookseller in Derby, came upon the offer of two quarto MS. volumes containing the reminiscences of Charles MacFarlane. He had never heard the name, but he looked into the MS., to find that it contained recollections of Shelley, Keats, Hartley Coleridge, Harriet Martineau, and others whom he *had* heard of. He determined to edit the book, and Mr. John Murray undertook the publication of it. The title is *Reminiscences of a Literary Life. By Charles MacFarlane, 1799-1858, Author and Traveller; with an Introduction by John F. Tattersall* (10s. 6d. net).

It is the best kind of autobiography. For the author rarely says anything directly about himself, but never says anything about any one else without revealing his own character. As traveller and author and good story-teller he met many of the literary men and women of his day, and dined often in the houses of the well-to-do. He took no notes, having a conscientious objection to the whole Boswell tribe. But he had a retentive memory. And he is able to record conversations that are likely enough. And of course he tells many stories that are both good and true.

Here is one—it is told in the words of his friend Stewart Rose: 'I could tell you many stories about this crazy squire. Like myself, he belonged to the Hampshire Yeomanry—I was Captain and he a Lieutenant in that warlike corps; and I remember that he was always tumbling off his horse, or breaking our line, or riding over the trumpeter, or getting into some other scrape. When all the Forest, and all the country along that coast, was ringing with alarms of invasion and reports that Bony was coming, he said to me, one fine hot summer's day, as we were riding home from exercise, "Rose, let them come! I will settle them. I have hit upon such a plan!" "What is it?" asked I. "Listen," said he; "you know something of our Forest flies, and how they sting? Well, I have bottled a pretty good lot

already; I shall bottle more as my people catch them. I hope soon to have a binful." "I see," said I; "when the French cavalry land, you will meet them near the beach and uncork your bottles?" "Just so," replied my squire exultingly, "and I should like to see how they would stand it!"

MacFarlane had his likes and dislikes. Of all the literary people whom he ever met he seems to have disliked Harriet Martineau and to have liked Viscount Hardinge the most. Here is a pleasant picture of Hardinge after the battle of Ferozeshah: "When the surgeons and their assistants were preparing to perform the necessary amputations, his lordship, with his son Charles, went through the ward, to comfort and encourage the patients. One poor fellow, quite a young man, said it was hard, at his time of life, to lose a leg. "Oh!" said Sir Henry, "here is my son Charles who lost a leg long before he was your age, and yet you see how well and active he is, and how well he can walk and ride!" Another poor soldier moaned at the idea of having an arm cut off. "Courage, my fine fellow!" said Sir Henry. "You see that I have but one hand myself. I lost the other at Ligny, thirty years ago, and you see I have lived to be Governor-General of India. A man may do a great many things with one hand, and a great many more with only one leg."

The picture of most interest is that which describes Hartley Coleridge. We do not know that there is a more graphic description of that much handicapped genius anywhere.

book, though Confucius is in it and Buddha and Plato and Lucretius.

What is Mr. Waddington's object? Merely to remove all hope of a life to come? Not so. It is to make us live this life well. He thinks that we fail to do our best here in the belief that we will do better there. He would have us do our best here. As for the *necessity* of a future life in order to right the present, he does not believe in it. He agrees with Huxley that 'the ledger of the Almighty is strictly kept, and every one of us has the balance of his operations paid over to him at the end of every minute of his existence.'

In *Records of a Rectory Garden* (Longmans; 2s. net) is told the story of a fine country boy called Christopher, whose life was (lucky for him!) spent among the roses, the limes, the lilies, and the holly-bushes. The boy and the bushes are so friendly and so sincere that you love them all and love them together.

One of the best books ever written on the Ministry is a book entitled 'My Priesthood.' The author calls himself a priest, which some of us may think him foolish to do, but there is no priestly offence in the book. It touches the conscience, it stimulates the will, at every step. The author of that book, the Rev. Walter J. Carey, has now written a companion volume for the laity. He calls it *My Ideals of Religion* (Longmans; 1s. net). Again it is sincere, searching, edifying. There is much personal experience in it, and it is offered with both modesty and conviction.

The Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J., who writes a Preface to *Sponsa Christi* by Mother St. Paul of the House of Retreats, Birmingham (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net), approves of nuns writing books for nuns. For 'a woman's piety is not quite a man's piety.' It is, then, a book of Meditations for 'the Religious' who are women. Its aim is to make them true brides of Christ—perfect as their Father in heaven is perfect. Mr. Rickaby says 'There is a refreshing originality about these Meditations, and many shafts are aimed in them that will go home. The best thing about them is the high standard on which they insist.'

The controversy about Reservation has made the interpretation of the Sacraments a matter of

If a man die, shall he live again? Probably not, thinks Mr. Samuel Waddington. And into his new book, *Some Views respecting a Future Life* (Lane; 3s. 6d. net) he has gathered the opinions of a great many men who agree with him. Most of them are materialists, like the late Sir Hiram Maxim, who says, in Mr. Waddington's quotation, that 'as far as the soul, the mind, or the spiritual part is concerned, this, like electricity, is only a *condition of matter*; it is not eternal in the same sense that matter is.' Those who are not materialists are quoted and refuted, such as Professor Sayce and Mr. A. C. Benson. But here there are omissions, some of them startling. There is no mention of Jesus in the

urgent importance. The Rev. Arthur J. Tait, D.D., Principal of Ridley Hall, has taken the occasion to write a book on *The Nature and Functions of the Sacraments* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). It is written from the evangelical standpoint, but Dr. Tait will allow us to say that the evangelical attitude to the Sacramental Principle as expressed by him is very different from that which an earlier generation would have represented it to be. There is no loss of essential truth, we think; there is gain of penetration and perhaps of true devotion. Even the chapter on 'The Real Presence,' firmly attached as it is to the spiritual as the only true Presence, has a temper which is as welcome as it is new.

If any man is likely to commend the doctrines of grace to the student of physical science, that man is the Rev. Stewart A. McDowall, B.D., Chaplain and Assistant Master at Winchester College. His new book is short and superficial—if that word can be used without disparagement. For he deliberately leaves out the difficult things, in order that he may gain a hearing for the essential. He leaves out the difficulties even in the essentials. But he promises to return. The title of the book is *Seven Doubts of a Biologist* (Longmans; 1s. net).

Messrs. Marshall Brothers have issued a strongly worded (and no doubt keenly felt) 'tribute to the Grand Fleet and the Grand Fleet's Commander' by Marie Corelli. The title is *Eyes of the Sea* (1s. net). Is it all praise? Not all. There is one weakness which has to be named. But even as she names it, the author is hopeful. For 'Here WE come in!—we of the Sailors' Society—We, who are doing our utmost, and persuading others also to do their utmost, to create bright home centres for our brave defenders and "Eyes of the Sea" at all the large ports of the world, where as we say and repeat over and over again—"a cheery loving welcome, clean beds, good food, baths, healthy recreation and happy environment are offered." In all cases better than the "bottle at home," isn't it! And now Mrs. Lloyd George, one of the kindest, sweetest and cheeriest of women, with her warm-hearted ways and compelling smile, is interesting herself earnestly, prayerfully and hopefully in the prospering of all the useful sections of this radiat-

ing "Society," which, like a lighthouse set on the rocks of peril, sends forth its rays of cheer, indicating "home and safety"—so that perchance the "thief" seeking entrance to "Jack's" mouth may be repulsed at the door and refused admission!

The Rev. J. Stuart Holden, D.D., believes in advertising the Gospel. He commends a book by the Rev. G. C. Beach, M.A., entitled *So Fight I* (Scott; 2s. net), in that the author of it 'sets forth the Truth in an arresting fashion,' using 'the passing incidents and familiar watchwords of the great war to bring home the facts of the greater conflict in such a way as to secure the attention and interest of many who could not be made to listen to the ordinary sermon.' So the book is a volume of sermons, but not of ordinary sermons. If the sermons it contains were arresting to the hearer they are so printed as to be no less arresting to the reader. And all for the Gospel's sake.

Few men have been fitted to speak to their generation words so faithful and true as the Rev. W. L. Walker, D.D. His books are the cherished possession of those to whom they have come publishing peace. Even on the War, and after all that has been written regarding the lessons to be learnt from it, he has something fresh and invigorating to say.

The title of his new book is *The War, God and Our Duty* (Scott; 2s. net). It has two sub-titles, these: (1) 'The Struggle viewed in the Light of the Reality of God,' and (2) 'Comfort for the Sorrowing and Hope for the Slain.' Together, title and sub-titles express its object clearly. And what they promise it fulfils.

Let us see what answer he has to give to one poignant question. 'We reap the benefits of those sacrifices; but surely we ought to ask ourselves seriously, *What of those who made them? Has our gain been their eternal loss?* We think of the thousands who have died, the greater number young lives, many of them by costly toil well equipped for other service, full of rich promise for a future they can never see on earth—a possession and a promise wholly and for ever lost if death ends all for them. But if death ends all for *them* it is also the end of all for the whole of us, and in that case all the sacrifices that have been made will be for no good to any one in the long run.

These lives have been laid down in sacrifice for the sake of others; let us say, for the sake of generations that are to follow. But Science assures us that *all life* on the earth must some time come to an end and the human race itself perish from off it. In that case, what ultimate sense or meaning would there be in those sacrifices that would thus come to nothing and be for no one's benefit in the end? All would be *at last* as if they had never been made. God seems to-day to be making it impossible for us to entertain such a belief. Indeed, what ultimate value or meaning would there be for human life itself if there be no destiny for the individual beyond the grave? We cannot think seriously of those sacrifices and believe that there is nothing remaining for those who make them. We feel it to be far more reasonable, in spite of all appearances, to say:

"For still we hope,
That in a world of wider scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Shall be completed; not undone."

Under the title of *Mine Hour* (S.P.C.K.; rs. 6d. net) Miss Gertrude Hollis publishes a devotional companion to Holy Week. The thoughts that have come to her regarding the incidents of that Week are simply expressed, and the writer never obtrudes herself between us and the Saviour. Let us read and meditate.

The Ven. J. H. Srawley, D.D., Archdeacon of Wisbech, has edited *The Catechetical Oration of St. Gregory of Nyssa* for the 'Early Church Classics' series of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (2s. net). It is a cheap book, but it has cost the author much labour. For Dr. Srawley does nothing without doing it finally. In the Introduction he discusses three things—the Occasion and Date of the Catechetical Oration, Gregory of Nyssa as a Theologian, and the Editions and Text of the Treatise. The translation is occasionally illustrated by footnotes.

It is natural that in these days preachers should preach on *The Christian Armour* described in Eph 6¹⁰⁻¹⁸. Not many months ago Dr. J. H. Jowett published a volume of sermons on the subject. Now Dr. J. O. F. Murray, Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, issues another

(S.P.C.K.; rs. 6d. net). It is scarcely a volume of sermons perhaps; it is rather a volume of materials for sermons. Dr. Murray himself calls it 'Studies.' There is, of course, accurate exegesis. There is also illustration, including anecdote. There is the appeal to the conscience, direct and unerring. And there is over all the atmosphere of devotion.

A volume has been published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, containing the 'Christian Faith and Practice' Series of National Mission Papers. The Series is divided into four groups. The first group is collected by the Rev. C. C. B. Bardsley; the second by three members of the English Church Union, whose names are not given; the third by the Rev. W. Temple; and the fourth by Professor Scott Holland. Each group contains from fourteen to twenty-five papers, and as the groups so also the papers vary in length. Let us take the third paper in the first group as a fair example of the whole. Its author is Bishop Moule and its title is *Conversion*. Within three pages Dr. Moule succeeds in telling us what Conversion is, what it does for us, and the demand that it makes upon the disciple as well as upon the open sinner. The title of the volume is *Christian Faith and Practical Papers* (2s. 6d. net).

Mr. George Preston Mains has written a plain popular conservative and yet modern book on the evidential value of *Religious Experience* (Abingdon Press; \$1.25). It is not a student's book; rather is it written for easy reading by those who, without violence, would have their half-formed ideas completed, or their half-beliefs strengthened. One feature is the appropriate and sometimes very telling use of quotation.

The menace of war has now become *The Menace of Peace*, and under that title Dr. George D. Herron has published a strong protest (Allen & Unwin; 2s. 6d. net). He quotes Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University: 'The one ray of hope out of the darkness is that this war may, because of the inherent forces at work, necessarily end in a draw.' And he answers, If so, the sacrifice has been in vain. The question is, What are the Allies fighting for? They are fighting for the will to love; they are fighting against the will to power.

Divine Humanity is the title which Mr. Alexander Pym has given to a book in which he sets forth a short answer to the chief of the theological problems of our time (Bennett; 5s. net). It is a book for the laity—the laity in theology—well-informed and well-written. It is at once critical and constructive. The following passage on the Fall will make its manner and its worth manifest.

‘In considering the question of sin we must take into account the apparent inconsistency existing between the scientific account of man’s ascent from the animal world and the Biblical account of a fall. Whereas biology regards man as the supreme development of ages of evolution, theology sees in him a partial failure. In the one case sin is the inevitable result of inexperience; in the other of wilful perversity. From the one point of view sin ushers in a new and brilliant epoch, signifying that the animal stage of instinctive action is passing away: from the other it is a terrible lapse of human nature and attended by far-reaching consequences. In any attempt to reconcile these two different aspects it must be remembered—first, that the course of evolution, though in the main upward, was irregular; secondly, that Adam, though sinless, was physically and spiritually undeveloped; and thirdly, that the narrative of man’s temptation and fall, as given in Genesis, is strictly allegorical. It is in this last consideration that the difficulty or solution lies:—difficulty, if a literal meaning is insisted upon; solution, if interpreted according to its obvious character. The truth which the allegory would seem to convey is that sin is a direct act of disobedience; it is hardly fair to press parallelisms in detail. The biological and theological points of view then are supplementary, as always. The one, which regards moral evil as the precursor of a new era of progress and as the unavoidable consequence of an animal ancestry, though true to a certain extent, is inadequate in that it fails to take account of human initiative. This defect is corrected by the other which declares that at some point in the course of evolution, as man stood at the dawn of human history with a newly awakened consciousness and a nascent sense of responsibility, his powers were equal to the task of regulating the fierce instincts of animal passion; but that in defiance of the ruling motive of the universe

he wilfully identified himself with the sensuous rather than the spiritual.’

Picus who is also Zeus—that is the title of one of Dr. Rendel Harris’s recent volumes (Cambridge: at the University Press). Who is likely to read it? Any one. Every one. It is all about the cult of the woodpecker—could anything be further away from your interests and mine? Yet any one may read it. Every one will read it who has the opportunity of looking into it. ‘In such an investigation,’ says Dr. Rendel Harris, at one stage of his progress, ‘our first care is to avoid dulness.’ Yes, that is the secret. He avoids dulness always. Oh that the preacher with so interesting a theme as the Gospel of the blessed God would avoid dulness as surely as this writer with his out-of-the-way and unattractive theme of the cult of the woodpecker!

Note one point. In his ‘History of Scotland’ (i. 27) Professor Hume Brown says that the Scottish King Girig or Grig who reigned from 877 to 900 earned the title of ‘Liberator of the Scottish Church.’ Then he proceeds: ‘On the strength of this reputation, whatever it may have implied, Girig acquired a posthumous fame far beyond that of his fellows. In the narratives of the later Scottish historians Girig grew into Gregory the Great, a paragon of princes, an Alfred and Charlemagne combined; and is still commemorated in the familiar name of St. Cyrus.’

That is to say Cyrus is a corruption of Girig or Grig, which is not disputed. Nor is it disputed that Girig or Grig became Gregory, for on one of the stones standing where once the ancient church of St. Cyrus stood there may still be read the words ‘Ecclesia Gregoria.’ Moreover the parish of St. Cyrus was once called Ecclesgreig, and the name still belongs to the chief estate in it. Thus St. Cyrus is St. Girig is St. Gregory is Ecclesia Gregoria is Ecclesgreig. And when the omniscient inhabitant, who is always at hand, tells you that Ecclesgreig is Eagle’s Craig, you do not give heed to him.

But then comes Dr. Rendel Harris. And he says that Ecclesgreig is probably Ecclescraig, which is crag or hill of the woodpecker. For the eccle is the omnipresent woodpecker, which has left its name in Ecclefechan (‘little eccle’), Carlyle’s birthplace, and elsewhere, and ‘it will

be seen that the Church will have to retire from the ownership of some of the places.'

In the Time of War (Paisley: Gardner; 6d. net) is the title of a volume containing three sermons 'from a Parish Pulpit.' The preacher's name is withheld. Why is it withheld? He cannot be ashamed of these earnest spiritual discourses. He cannot be afraid that he is not patriotic enough when he dares to be so Christlike.

Must not each one continually be asking himself, 'Am I doing all I can to spread the truth revealed to me, to bring in upon earth that perfect justice and co-operation which Jesus called the Kingdom of God?' The question is asked by Mr. Maurice L. Rowntree, B.A., in a little book which he has called *Co-operation or Chaos* (Headley Brothers; 6d. net). He is concerned with the things that have brought this war upon us and the things that will follow after it. How shall we meet our responsibilities when the men return, our industrial responsibilities, our social responsibilities? His one answer is co-operation. And that answer he supports by fact and argument. For he is in dead earnest about the matter and speaks of that which he knows.

The question of the place to be given to women

in the Church is already a burning one, and it is not likely to cool for some time. For many people it is settled by the Apostolic precept and practice. How can we find that out? The answer is by reading a book entitled *Women in the Apostolic Church*, written by the Rev. T. B. Allworthy, M.A., B.D. (Cambridge: Heffer; 3s. net). Mr. Allworthy is an exact scholar and a deep thinker. He has his convictions on this subject, formed by study of the New Testament and of the best literature, but he lays the whole of the evidence before us so clearly that we may form our own convictions independently. If this fine book is discovered and widely circulated it will remove much harmful prejudice and sensibly hasten the time when the will of God shall in this matter also be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

That the War will separate us from the German people throughout the rest of our mortal life seems certain now and the pity of it is great. But it is good, and it is true, that it will attach us to our allies. We shall know them better and knowledge will in every case bring sympathy and understanding. Let us welcome every effort that is made to bring us to a better knowledge. Let us welcome most heartily a book on *The Religions of our Allies* which has been written by the Rev. John A. Duke, B.D., Minister of Morningside United Free Church, Edinburgh (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net). It is readable and it is reliable.

God's Discipline in the World.

BY THE REV. R. W. HARDING, B.D., CAMBRIDGE.

'Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? whence then hath it tares?'—Mt 13²⁷.

COMMENTATORS are divided about the application of this parable. The older, and more general view is that it refers to the course of discipline in the Church. Long and bitter controversies have raged round it between moderate men, and men of the 'Root and Branch' type who would forcibly purge the Church of all unreal members. A little reflection, however, shows that our Lord had a wider community in view. 'The field is the world,' not the Church. The 'harvest' is the sifting

judgment at 'the end of the world,' and all New Testament analogy points to the fact that that judgment will be for all men, and not simply for those who professedly belong to the community of God's elect. We are therefore justified in supposing that our Lord was here indicating the course of Divine discipline in history, and in the affairs and destiny of the world.

The parable is an illustration of the fact that Jesus was not the idle dreamer, the Utopian visionary, of some of His critics. He was open-eyed to facts. He recognized both good and evil

as realities, and as present together in the world. It is important to notice that He teaches here—

1. *That God intended the world to be a good place to live in.* The world is *His* field, and in it He sowed good seed. This is in line with the unanimous verdict of Scripture. When God created the universe He saw that it was good, very good. There is a 'light that lighteneth every man coming into the world.' The Gospel of the glory of the Blessed God is to be proclaimed to every man, on the assumption that in every man there is that which will understand its appeal. 'In the image of God created he man.'

The teaching is in line also with the essential Nature of Things. Disobedience, whether to the laws of morals or of nature, brings with it discord, distress, and pain. It is true to say that if every one were good, all would be at least happier, if not happy; and it is also true that if every one were only selfish and wicked, the world would be an intolerable place. So it is evident that the intention of the world is good and not evil, and he who pleads that here there is no chance for goodness, forgets that virtue is ranged on the side of the essential laws of the universe. The good in men and things may be latent, but nothing is more surprising than the way in which it crops up above the surface at the call of some supreme duty, or under the sunny influence of Divine grace. Let those who remember the last months of 1914 bear witness. Something has gone wrong with the world, but if it were entirely as God made it, it would be entirely good.

2. In the second place our Lord teaches that *evil, though found everywhere, is everywhere a trespasser.* The good seed was sown first, but 'while men slept, the enemy came and sowed tares also among the wheat.' It is a picture of the darkest and most malicious hatred. Every word points to the cowardice and treachery of the deed. The enemy 'sowed over'—scattered broadcast—his darnel. When both wheat and tares appeared, they would be much alike up to the stage when they had their roots thoroughly intertwined, when to root up one would destroy the other. It was, too, more than a mere attempt to spoil the crop; it was a plot to foul the field itself, and so to pervert the nature of men and things that good would never again have a chance to grow here at all. There is here a hint of an antagonism far more elemental than the antipathy between good men

and bad. He who had come from behind the scenes and from the secrets of Eternity said, 'An enemy'—not of man merely, but of God Himself—'an enemy hath done this.' In His later exposition our Lord said, 'The enemy that sowed the tares is the devil.' Now that has, of late, been an unpopular saying. There has never been an article in the Creed that runs, 'I believe in the devil.' The existence of such an one would raise philosophical difficulties that would be too utterly disturbing. So, in extreme reaction from the superstition of our fathers, we have even said that, after all, evil is only a phase of the process of education; it would appear, could one see all, that it is even only another form of good. We are far too broad-minded to believe nowadays in the Devil.

Yet, if words mean anything, Jesus believed in his existence. You can hear Him telling the story of His temptation and beginning with 'I was forty days in the wilderness, being tempted of the devil.' Or, 'I beheld Satan, as lightning, fallen from heaven.' He spoke of a fate prepared for 'the devil and his agents.' Always in the expression of the thoughts of our Lord, the Devil appears as the author of and prime mover in evil. Now if Jesus is right, we have here just a glimpse of a most titanic conflict, waged often silently, sometimes tempestuously, between God, who is infinite Good, and Satan, the master of all malignant forces, who is sworn to spoil not only God's good seed, but God's good field, and so to dethrone and destroy God Himself. And really, when you come to think, is not this the simplest explanation of such a world as that in which we are now living? How else are we to explain the brutality and madness of Central Europe? How else are we to explain the dominance of the drink in England? 'An enemy hath done this,' and we are slow to recognize this malignant foe, because it is part of his programme to 'go away' after he has sown his fatal tares, but the tares are his nevertheless.

While there is an almost paralysing solemnity in the thought of this age-long conflict, there is also a great hope. To many people the conflict seems to mean that God is already defeated. But defeat never is assured till victory is complete. And where good and evil grow together conflict is inevitable. The present days show to any one who has eyes that God is alive and at work. His flaming banners are afloat through earth and sky,

and His bugles call to all who have ears to hear.

Of course, 'the servants of the householder' are naturally in perplexity. Their first thought is that of the uprooting of the tares. The impossibility of the task leaves them helpless. Even the present War, righteous as we feel it to be, will not, in the best issue, eliminate evil from Europe. What then is to be done? Is there no end to the struggle between sin and goodness? Are we to accept evil as ineradicable?

3. Our Lord's answer to this is clear and simple. *The conflict moves on to an appointed end*—'the time of the harvest.' Harvest-time will bring into evidence the difference between the wheat and the poisonous darnel. That means the fixing of individual character. The judgment is always present, here and now, in this respect. Even now God, by the hands of time and of habit, is sorting out the grain. The struggle, which is so gigantic under the aspect of eternity, is equally real and decisive in the little world of a man's own heart. It were well for him to pray most earnestly for the cleansing of his own life, even if he cannot uproot the tares from the larger sphere. But it is not to this that our Lord immediately refers. The Final Judgment, the Great Assize, was always in the background of His thought, and often became a prominent topic in His teaching. It is to this that He expressly points here, and in two of its aspects. The first is the fate of the tares and the wheat. 'Gather up the tares . . . to burn them.' That sounds like Hell. 'But,' says some one, 'you must not mention such a word in a church. It is neither polite nor true.' In other words, the less fear there is in religion, and in our attitude to sin, the more likely are we to forsake the last and turn to God. Yet, somehow, Jesus speaks a great deal about a terrible fate awaiting the permanently rebellious, and the rest of the N.T. is by no means silent about it. The commonest verdict of the soldier in hospital about the Western Front is—'It is not war, it is murder, it's Hell.' We have put away this rough thought, till the fear of it has ceased to be a reality. But supposing it should after all be a reality! Suppose Jesus did, after all, mean what He said, when He taught that there was destruction and disaster—not material fire, but something worse—awaiting those who were stumbling-blocks and workers of iniquity,

those who either passively or actively resisted His Kingdom! Is it not the usual thing to do with tares, to burn them? Who are we, to soften down the terrors of the Lord, and to make Him simply the personification of Good Nature, when Jesus warns us, and when history in the making warns us, that He has not thrown away His rod? It is very meet and right for us to refuse to believe that God is vindictive, but we must believe—and this is the second aspect of Christ's teaching about the Judgment—that He intends to save the crop and to cleanse the field. In the new heaven and the new earth there will dwell righteousness, and righteousness alone. While we tremble when His judgments are abroad, let us also rejoice; for He has told us that by a special intervention of the King Himself, His good purpose, which we so feebly struggle to work out, shall be vindicated, and all flesh shall see it together.

And what of the wheat? 'Gather it into my barn.' For what, if not for a fresh and more fruitful sowing? We are all in bitterness now for our dear lads who have so suddenly been cut down. The best of them were those who loved God most, and would have been of untold service in His Kingdom. But would they have been so, *could* they any more than we, if the world had gone on in its luxury and easy self-indulgence? Surely they are not wasted, but garnered for a better soil, and a more noble fruitage. A cultured Christian student who lost her only brother writes: 'Somehow the next world seems a cheerful place when one thinks of all those gallant boys there.' And not only is the next world more cheerful. The harassed band of the Householder's servants here should take heart of grace when they think of the innumerable host of unseen helpers, whom God is holding in reserve for the service they so dearly loved here, and which they view with such clear eyes yonder.

'Our boys who have shown us God,' says Mr. Britling. It is true. There is new hope for the Church, a new destiny for the world, if only we who also love and serve our God will put on His whole armour, and come to His help against the mighty forces of evil that even now assault His throne. To be a Christian is to be out for heroic effort, for ceaseless toil and vigil, for the most devoted obedience. The bugles call. 'He that hath ears, let him hear.'

The Destination of the First Epistle of Peter.

BY THE REV. F. H. DURNFORD, BURRA, S. AUSTRALIA.

'PETER, an apostle of Jesus Christ, to the elect who are sojourners of the Dispersion in Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia.'

The first verse of the first chapter of the First Epistle of Peter consists in the Greek of thirteen words. But behind and in those thirteen words, as in all the words of the New Testament, there is a great deal more than appears at the first reading of them. And here one is led to ask this question, How far are expositions and explanations of the texts of the Bible really needed? What is the real value of the commentary? How much, for instance—to take an example from the thirteen words referred to—need we know about the five places mentioned in the Epistle? How far is it worth the while of the average Biblical reader to know exactly where Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia are?

When the reader of a commentary on a book of the Bible spends much time in learning about such a point, and the author of the commentary still more time, is that time well spent? The answer to that question may be given in the following way.

(1) Of all the sciences which illuminate the text of Holy Scripture few throw greater light on it than the Science of Historical Geography. Works such as G. A. Smith's *Historical Geography of the Holy Land*, or C. F. Kent's *Biblical Geography and History*, are of the utmost value for a right interpretation of the Bible.

(2) In the particular case of the five places in question, a more careful inquiry into their history reveals much about the conditions of the times when the First Epistle of Peter and the other books of the New Testament were written.

The words have been, as a matter of fact, commented on by famous scholars.

Ramsay has written the five articles on the places in Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*. Bigg in the 'International Critical Commentary' thought it worth while to write special pages about them in his introduction. And Hort, in his famous unfinished work on 1 Peter, wrote a special Excursus on the Provinces of Asia Minor, included

in St. Peter's Address. What a wealth of valuable information about the History and Organization of the Early Church can be obtained from the mass of material contained in those three lots of writings.

(3) All five names occur in other places in the New Testament, which fact alone opens up a wider field to the reader. For one of the best ways of commenting on a word in the Bible is to note where it occurs in different texts, and how often it is used in the Bible as a whole.

(4) If some one should say, 'Other things are more important,' there need not be any fear that other great Church matters like the Cause of Missions, or Social Service at home, will suffer through Christians spending their time in Biblical study.

It is a remarkable fact how zeal for such matters goes hand in hand with scholarship and minute inquiry. Few men have done more for the Anglican Church, whether in Foreign Missions or Social Service at home, than Brooke Foss Westcott—yet it was Westcott who edited the New Testament, and in his commentaries would toil over the most minute detail.

So far then from thinking it not worth while—or getting Biblical study out of proportion to other things—to inquire minutely, the student will find it most profitable to make exhaustive inquiries into Biblical words—even into the names of provinces and islands. To take one instance. It adds more interest to the field which St. Barnabas sold for the benefit of the Church when we know—as Furneaux has pointed out for us in his recent work on the Acts—that Cyprus was a favourite residential spot and the land there was more valuable.

Let us then consider the five districts to which Peter addresses his letter. Pontus and Bithynia go closely together. For in the first century A.D. the Roman province of Bithynia was officially known as Bithynia Pontus. This consisted of the northern part of what is now Asia Minor—forming the southern shore of the Black Sea. Pontus was the ancient kingdom of Mithridates, and on its shores were the ports of Amastris, Sinope, and Amisos.

The river Halys ran through part of the province. Pontus is mentioned in two other places in the New Testament. In Ac 2⁹ it is recorded that dwellers in Pontus were among the devout men from every nation under heaven who were assembled at Jerusalem for the feast of Pentecost. Inhabitants, then, of the country to which Peter was addressing his letter, would have already heard Peter in his speech at Jerusalem. This would apply also to the dwellers in the provinces of Cappadocia and Asia who were also at Jerusalem on the occasion of the first Whitsunday. Then Pontus is mentioned again in Ac 18². When 'Paul departed from Athens, and came to Corinth, he found a certain Jew named Aquila, a man of Pontus by race, lately come from Italy, with his wife Priscilla, because Claudius had commanded all the Jews to depart from Rome; and because he was of the same trade, he abode with them, and they wrought; for by their trade they were tent-makers.'

Aquila, though in recent times resident in Rome, was a provincial from Pontus, and not one who originally belonged to the city. Ramsay—in an interesting note on the name of Pontus in the New Testament—points out that he was not, as some have thought, a slave from Pontus who had been set free—a Roman freedman—as the edict of Claudius expelling the Jews would not have applied to him if he had been a Roman freedman. Being a Jew by nation, a provincial residing at Rome, he was expelled by the terms of the edict. It is interesting also to know that Pontus was like Cilicia, a district with abundant pasturage for goats, and numbered tent-making among its industries. It may be remarked—though the point is not of great importance—that the name Pontus was used in an official sense, meaning the Roman province of Bithynia Pontus, and also in a geographical and more popular sense, meaning the ancient kingdom of Polemon, and other regions as well. But as Ramsay says: 'In 1 P 1¹ Pontus is clearly the province. Few could doubt this, and Hort has proved it beyond question in his posthumous edition of part of this Epistle.'

The name Galatia is, one need scarcely say, a well-known one in the New Testament, and, as we have seen, dwellers from Cappadocia would have heard St. Peter preach at Pentecost. The Roman province of Asia included all the western part of Asia Minor from Bithynia in the north to

Lycia in the south. It may be noted that a convenient map of these districts is to be found in the Extra Volume of Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*.

One other name yet remains to be commented on—and that perhaps the most interesting of all—Bithynia, for it was a word to be afterwards made famous in Pliny's classical letter. Bithynia is mentioned again in Ac 16⁷. Paul and Silas on the second missionary journey went through the region of Phrygia and Galatia, having been forbidden of the Holy Ghost to speak the word in Asia. And when they were come over against Mysia they assayed to go into Bithynia, and the Spirit of Jesus suffered them not.

This mention of Bithynia is important—for around it centres a question as to the number, state, and condition of the Christians in Asia Minor during the years 58–64, between which dates the Epistle of Peter was most likely written. Why was St. Paul forbidden by the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia and Bithynia?

'The Holy Ghost,' writes Bigg, 'is Wisdom, and there must have been some reason for this prohibition. The scholar Weiss has this suggestion, that other preachers were already at work in the forbidden regions, and that it was neither necessary nor desirable that St. Paul should direct his energies thitherwards. It may have been that St. Paul was merely being called to go straight on and cross the sea to Europe as he did; but the conjecture of Weiss is worth considering.

In any case we are met with this intensely interesting and perhaps startling fact, that while Paul had founded and written to various Church congregations in different parts of Asia Minor, there were also scattered all over Asia Minor, in the provinces of Bithynia, Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, and Asia, Church congregations written to by St. Peter as well. Congregations which he calls 'the elect who are sojourners of the Dispersion.' That brings us on to a further important question, Who were these 'elect who are sojourners of the Dispersion'? What was the state of Christianity in Asia Minor in the year 60? What was the Church like in these Roman provinces thirty years after the Crucifixion? What kind of people were they to whom Peter's Epistle was originally addressed? The following answer may be given. The word Dispersion was a term used to describe the Jews who had been scattered among the nations

since the time of the Captivity. It comes in four other passages which throw light on the word. James begins his Epistle with a greeting to the twelve tribes which are of the Dispersion. In St. John's Gospel (7⁸⁵) we are told, 'The Jews therefore said among themselves of Christ, Whither will this man go that we shall not find him? Will he go unto the Dispersion among the Greeks and teach the Greeks?' In Zephaniah (3¹⁰) we read of the daughter of my dispersed, and in Isaiah (11¹²) of the dispersed in Judah. Now in Asia Minor Jews had been domiciled from an early date. In the fourth century B.C. Aristotle had met a Jew who was Hellenic not in language but in soul. Antiochus the Great had settled 2000 Jewish families from Mesopotamia and Babylon in Phrygia and Lydia. This we learn from Josephus. In 138 B.C. the Roman Senate wrote on behalf of the Jews to the kings of Pergamos and Cappadocia. A reference to this is in the First Book of Maccabees (chap. 15). Agrippa in a letter to Caligula says there were numerous Jewish settlements in Pamphylia and Cilicia. Petronius says that Jews abounded in every city of Asia and Syria. What, therefore, do these facts signify? Surely that the Christian congregations to which Peter writes would be drawn largely from the Jews of the Dispersion in Asia Minor. The privileges which God allowed to the chosen people would pass on in the natural course to the Christian brotherhood. On the other hand some of the primitive Churches may have been exclusively Gentile—composed of

those who had no knowledge of the Old Testament. This in no way minimizes the importance of the distinction between Judaism and Christianity.

The elect who are sojourners of the Dispersion then would mean those, whether Jews or Gentiles, who were called by God to be Christians. Men and women, whether Jews or Gentiles, dwelling in Asia Minor, chosen by Christ to leave their earthly home and become members of the Christian congregation.

One final question may usefully be asked before we end this exposition on the first verse of the Epistle. At what date did the news of the Christian faith find its way into these regions of Asia Minor, such as Pontus? Was there much knowledge of Christ in Asia Minor before, for instance, Paul started on his first missionary journey. No doubt the dwellers in Pontus and Cappadocia, when they returned to their native towns and villages after Pentecost, would spread the Gospel. As Bigg pointedly remarks, 'Among the 3000 souls who received baptism at the time of that great outpouring of the Spirit there must have been many who went home and preached the new faith. Very much good work must have been done by obscure missionaries of whom we have no record at all.'

Pilgrims, chapmen, traders of all kinds, soldiers, and subordinate officials played a part in the dissemination of the gospel, and there was probably no corner of the empire where Christianity had not been heard of within a very few years.

In the Study.

Rizpah.

A STUDY IN MOTHERHOOD.

'And Rizpah the daughter of Aiah took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest upon them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.'—2 S 21¹⁰.

RIZPAH is one of the great tragic figures of the Old Testament narrative. Her story is the last chapter of a blood-feud, such as often went on from one generation to another among the Eastern races of long ago; such indeed as may still be found in lands where men's blood is hot and their

instinct of revenge deep and passionate. There are two elements in the situation, both of which are strange to us.

1. *The judicial death of the innocent.* A modern situation requires that the man who dies shall at least have violated the law. But the sons of Rizpah are perfectly blameless; they die, not because they have broken a law, but in response to a grim and mysterious demand that comes from a dark superstition, victims to the stern and unethical powers which, like the Greek Até and Nemesis, sit and work behind the arras of history.

2. *The refusal of rites of burial.* This was one of the favourite tragic themes of the ancient world.

It was the theme of the *Antigone* of Sophocles: Polynices by a tyrant's decree was left unburied outside the walls of Thebes: Antigone, his sister, defied the decree, and finding none to help her, went forth alone to do the deed, though the penalty of disobedience was death. In that case, a larger issue is wrapped up in the story—the age-long problem of the relation of decrees of state to the conscience of the individual. But apart from that, in the ancient world the doom of lying unburied was one of the deepest dishonours that could be inflicted, and the duty of giving honourable rites of burial one of the obligations that pressed most urgently upon the nearest and dearest of the dead.

I.

1. Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, was a maiden who by her beauty and charm had attracted the attention of Saul the king. She was brought into the royal harem. It was the humiliation of the Eastern woman, and is still wherever Christ is unknown, that a man might possess her body without possessing her soul, without even seeking to win her affections.

¶ Slave concubines were entirely at the mercy of their master, whose right over them was absolute, and 'the begetting of children by their master was desired rather than otherwise' (Maspero, p. 735). Kings had several wives as well as concubines, and sometimes the son of a favourite slave might be nominated as the successor to the throne. They had also the right to take any female slave from their master as a concubine. In such a case the seller of the slave undertook all responsibility incurred by such a claim (*ib.* 708; Sayce, p. 77). There existed among the people irregular marriages, in which the father's consent was not required, and no purchase price was paid for the woman, though cohabitation, terminable at will, took place. Such a woman, however, was regarded by the law as a mere concubine, and had to wear a stone with her own and her husband's name and the date of their union (Maspero, p. 738).¹

2. The girl gave birth to two sons, Armoni and Mephibosheth. And as we are enabled from the last tragic scene to interpret the earlier scenes about which the history is silent, we gather that the strong and tender nature lavished all its devotion upon the boys. The man who stood in the relation of husband to her she could hardly love; to love him would have been presumption. There was enough in the heroic, but melancholy, character of Saul to enchain a good woman's pity

if not her devotion. But how dare a humble concubine entwine her affections about the king? The boys, however, were her own. She could watch their growth, nourish their bodies, train their minds, embrace them, lean over them in their sleep, wait for their dawning reverence and love, draw them closer to her as the years passed, and look forward to the time when her eyes would be closed by them in death, and her body would be buried by their hands. They were all in all to her.

¶ Orientals rejoice exceedingly over the birth of a son, for he is not only to perpetuate the memory of his father, but is expected to be the support and defence of his mother and of the rest of the family, in a country where unprotected woman is most cruelly oppressed, and the widow and the fatherless even of the wealthiest are often reduced to penury and want. The same feeling existed among the Hebrews. Hagar despised her mistress as soon as she found herself the mother of a son. When the hated Leah had given birth to Jacob's first-born she rejoiced, saying, 'Now, therefore, will my husband love me.' And when she had borne him six sons, she exclaimed, 'God hath endued me with a good dowry: now will my husband dwell with me.'²

3. But a great tragedy was to come. Let us look more closely at Saul's family. The rightful heir of Saul, Ishbosheth, was a weakling, but he had a strong and capable general and adviser in the person of Abner, first cousin to the king. On the death of Saul, Abner espoused the cause of Ishbosheth, and through his counsel and management the tribes on the eastern side of the Jordan remained loyal to his house. David reigned over Judah in the south, but the rest of the tribes, not only on the east but on the west side of the Jordan, continued faithful, generally speaking, to the house of Saul.

And one could hardly say what might have been the issue if Abner had remained at the head of affairs. But Rizpah becomes the unconscious instrument of a further change in the fortunes of the royal house. It is an additional testimony to the personal charm of Rizpah that the brave and valiant Abner came under her influence. He even proposed to make her his own wife, and that might seem to us a very innocent and sensible proposal now that the king was dead and those ladies of the court had no protector, but it was not so regarded in Israel. A similar request on the part of Adonijah in the time of Solomon cost Adonijah his life; and Ishbosheth, rightly or

¹ *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, iii. 811.

² H. J. Van-Lennep, *Bible Lands and Customs*, 568.

wrongly, saw in this proposal the first step towards the usurpation of the throne. Such action as Abner's was so regarded (as we find in other examples of Scripture), and Ishbosheth did not scruple to charge Abner with this design.

And so king and counsellor quarrelled over Rizpah, and the contention was so sharp between them that, like Paul and Barnabas, they separated, Abner going over to the house of David and leaving the house of Saul to its fate.

4. It was after the fall of Saul's house and the establishment of the throne of David over all Israel that the tragedy took place in the life of Rizpah. The twenty-first chapter of 2 Samuel, which narrates the facts, is one of those passages in the Old Testament that force the hand of the interpreter. One has to choose between the credit of Scripture and the credit of God. If the facts here narrated are true, it is impossible to believe that God, or let us say the Yahweh of the Israelite, is just and merciful, as we now understand the terms. But if the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is to be identified with Yahweh, nay more, if Ezekiel's conception of the Lord is correct, that He demands the death of the criminal for his own sin, but not the death of the children for the sins of the fathers, and if the Lord is and always has been unchangeable, the same in the period of the Gospel-revelation, in the time of Ezekiel, and in the time of David—then we have nothing for it but to maintain that the theology of this chapter is false. Or let us rather say, the chapter faithfully represents the facts of the situation, but the facts represent only the superstitions of the men of that day.

The facts of the case were as follows. The Gibeonites, of the old guilty Canaanite race, had escaped extermination, and been made over to the priests, to assist the Levites in some of the rougher work connected with the Tabernacle: they were hewers of wood and drawers of water; slaves, especially assigned to the service of the sanctuary. They had now for centuries enjoyed the protection of the Lord God of Israel, when Saul, who had, in a spurious liberality, declined to execute God's wrath on Amalek, rushed to the opposite extreme, and, courting popularity by unauthorized fanaticism, sought to slay these inoffensive Gibeonites in his zeal for the children of Israel and Judah. We may

suppose that this was not his own sin alone, but that too many of the nation shared his intolerant and cruel feelings; for retribution came in the shape of a famine, three years, year after year.

The famine was but one of many similar occurrences in the arid and parched land of Palestine. Such had been before, such might be again; but in the province of faith it had its special significance. It was understood to be a scourge sent by God on Israel, because of Saul and his bloody house, because he slew the Gibeonites. It appeared to David that, now that he had discovered the secret cause of God's wrath, the nation must humble itself to these Gibeonites whom it had injured, and who were so manifestly under God's protection. So 'he called for them, and said unto them, What shall I do for you? and wherewith shall I make the atonement, that ye may bless the inheritance of the Lord?'

The Gibeonites made answer, 'We will have no silver nor gold of Saul, nor of his house; neither for us shalt thou kill any man in Israel. And he said, What ye shall say, that will I do for you. And they answered the king, The man that consumed us, and that devised against us that we should be destroyed from remaining in any of the coasts of Israel, let seven men of his sons be delivered unto us, and we will hang them up unto the Lord in Gibeah of Saul, whom the Lord did choose. And the king said, I will give them.' So in fulfilment of this promise, 'the king took the two sons of Rizpah the daughter of Aiah, whom she bare unto Saul, Armoni and Mephibosheth; and the five sons of Michal the daughter of Saul, whom she bare to Adriel the son of Barzillai the Meholathite: and he delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them in the mountain before the Lord, and they fell all seven together: and they were put to death in the days of harvest, in the first days, at the beginning of barley harvest.'

5. Upon the manner of this atonement, the nature of the satisfaction demanded, the sacred historian makes no comment. He tells us the fact, and adds nothing to it. According to the law of Moses it was the right of the injured party in some cases to fix the penalty that should be paid. And this the Gibeonites were permitted to do. They seem to have considered stern justice

and retribution, rather than any recompense to themselves. Silver and gold they refused, but seven lives of the children of Saul's family they demanded.

¶ That the custom of balancing, or cancelling, a blood account by a payment in money, was well known in ancient Palestine, is evident from the record of David's conference with the Gibeonites, concerning their claim for blood against the house of Saul, in 2 Samuel 21¹⁻⁹. When it was found that the famine in Israel was because of Saul's having taken blood—or life—unjustly from the Gibeonites, David essayed to balance that unsettled account. 'And the Gibeonites said unto him, It is no matter of silver or gold between us and Saul, or his house; neither is it for us to put any man to death in Israel'; which was equivalent to saying: 'Money for blood we will not take. Blood for blood we have no power to obtain.' Then said David, 'What ye shall say, that will I do for you.' At this, the Gibeonites demanded, and obtained, the lives of the seven sons of Saul. The blood account must be balanced. In this case, as by the Mosaic law, it could only be by life for life.¹

II.

1. 'And Rizpah the daughter of Aiah took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest upon them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.' Surely if this had been a heathen tale, its memory would have been immortal.

The Old Testament is full of love stories; and the stories are of all kinds—not only of lover and lover, husband and wife, but of father and daughter, mother and son, brother and sister, friend and friend. In all these relations love finds in the Old Testament of all literature its best illustration, because of all literature it is in the Old Testament simplest and least self-conscious. When we read its books with this idea in mind, we find love flashing out from many a page, and softly lambent in many a character, where we have hardly been aware of it before. Fierce or gentle, cruel or kind, selfish or devoted, all the men and women of Israel are lovers. Sometimes their love is so pure and flawless as to seem almost worthy to be a type of the divine reality; sometimes it is but 'broken lights' of that reality, yet still the stories of these loves suggest, and in their own way interpret, that perfect love which is 'more than they.'

2. It has always been the hardest task which

¹ H. C. Trumbull, *The Blood Covenant*, 324.

theology has had to face, to be rid of the idea that God, sharing our vengeful passions, delights in the death of a man, as man in his savage state delights in the death of his brother. No one questioned that those gaunt bodies, wet with the dew, and parched with the gathering fervours of the sun of June, excruciated, emaciated, ragged, stained, and verging to corruption, were an acceptable sacrifice to the God Yahweh. Rizpah herself did not doubt it. This is the deep tragedy of the situation; but, like all the bitterest fruits of human woe, it contains at its heart a certain core of comfort. She believed that her sons were an offering by which the vengeance of Heaven was averted. Like the Mater Dolorosa at the cross, though a sword pierced her heart, she was not without dim and eager surmises that the deaths were an expiation, and that these were they who had redeemed Israel. It was the absorbing thought of the day and the night to keep those precious bodies from violation. She might not bury them; the authorities would not allow it. Perhaps in some obscure way she acquiesced in the harsh decision, from a feeling that if they were decently buried they would cease to be an effectual atonement. She would therefore leave the sacrifice complete and unimpaired. But there was one thing which she could not endure—that the vultures should peck out the eyes which she had loved and kissed, or that the lions and the jackals should tear the limbs which to her imagination were still the tender and helpless limbs of infants. Therefore the woman, in the sacred exaltation of a hungry and imperishable love, took up her station by the gallows, nor would she move by day or by night. All through the summer, till the autumn rains should come and wash the bodies, preparing them for the legal burial long delayed, she camped on that ghostly ground. The great birds wheeled, screaming, in the air by day, but she scared them from the bodies of her dead if they approached. And in the solemn and fearful night, when strong men might fear to be abroad, this delicate woman, strong with the supernatural strength which is the dower of motherhood, watched by her solitary fire, unafraid of the roaring and yelping beasts, subduing them perhaps by her silence and immobility into a kind of awed tameness in her presence, but rising even from the snatched slumbers to drive them away with her feeble hands if ever they ventured to come near to her beloved dead.

This is the atonement that must surely atone—
this prolonged sacrifice of love in the heart of a
mother.¹

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
*Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!*²

¶ In what is one of the greatest of Tennyson's poems he has taken the theme and *motif* of the Rizpah narrative, and given it a comparatively modern setting—A rustic dare-devil has robbed the mail, flinging the purse which he took among his comrades—for he had committed the felony because 'they dared him to do it.' Condemned to be hanged, his body was left as a warning to highwaymen. His mother was haunted by the last cry of her son as she left the cell. She went mad and was kept under restraint for a time. When at last she was released, her one thought was to steal out to the gallows by night and gather up the bones as they fell one by one from the rotting skeleton, that she might bury them.

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kiss'd 'em,
I buried 'em all—

I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night by the church-
yard wall.

My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the trumpet of judgment
'ill sound,

But I charge you never to say that I laid him in holy
ground.

Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my boy be gone
to the fire?

I have been with God in the dark—go, go, you may
leave me alone—

You never have borne a child—you are just as hard as a
stone.³

III.

1. Before Easter (according to our own calendar) Rizpah's watch began, in a land where the ripe barley may be gathered in before Easter Day. From Easter, through seven long weeks to Whitsuntide; from Whitsuntide, which is there the end of wheat harvest, and we know not how much longer, while the grapes ripened, and the olives were gathered, and at last the ingathering, the joy

of the harvest of all the fruits of the earth is come; all this while Rizpah the daughter of Aiah remained with her sackcloth under the gallows on the naked rock. And at last David and all Israel were shamed out of their neglect, for their ears rang with the fame of that which Rizpah the concubine of Saul had done. Then they sought for the bones of Saul and Jonathan which had been buried under a tree in Jabesh-gilead. They put the law of God in force against the law of the barbarous Gibeonites; and at length they 'gathered the bones,' when nought else was left to gather, 'of them that were hanged.' They buried the royal dead in the sepulchre of their father, 'and after that God was entreated for the land.' And where was Rizpah the daughter of Aiah? We have told all that has been said of her, and we know no more.

How far God instructed and comforted her we know not (we may trust that to His goodness), but men could not help honouring her. 'It was told David what Rizpah the daughter of Aiah, the concubine of Saul, had done.' His noble heart was touched by her faithfulness and unwearied love. Her brave spirit kindled his; and he recognized and completed the gallant deed of the men whose city had been saved by Saul in his early heroic days.

The men of Jabesh-gilead had shown their gratitude to Saul by rescuing his remains from insult. David was still true to his friend Jonathan: he had extricated his son from the vengeance of the Gibeonites, and now he entombed the remains of Saul and of Jonathan, and of these the expiatory victims, in the country of Benjamin, in the sepulchre of Kish, Saul's father. So did these, that died on the hill before the Lord, not only restore plenty to a famished land, but indirectly obtained honours for their kin, immortalized their mother, and prefigured our salvation.

2. When all was done that love could do, Rizpah earned her two boys nothing but a grave. For herself she won unfading glory, but who could suppose that her own glory was ever for a moment in her mind? It was desperate, unreasoning, overpowering love, love that she gave for nothing, pure, disinterested, unrequited love. There could be no voice, no answer, nor any that regarded. Love, and love only, seems to have been the motive of that which Rizpah the daughter of Aiah, the concubine of Saul, hath done.

¹ R. F. Horton.

² Rudyard Kipling, *Songs from Books*, 237.

³ *The Works of Tennyson*, 503.

Many tears cannot quench, nor my sighs extinguish, the
flames of love's fire,
Which lifeth my heart like a wave, and smites it, and
breaks its desire.

I rise like one in a dream when I see the red sun
flaring low,
That drags me back shuddering from sleep each morning
to life with its woe.

I go like one in a dream, unbidden my feet know the
way
To that garden where love stood in blossom with the red
and white hawthorn of May.

The song of the throstle is hushed, and the fountain is
dry to its core,
The moon cometh up as of old; she seeks, but she finds
him no more.

The pale-faced, pitiful moon shines down on the grass
where I weep,
My face to the earth, and my breast in an anguish ne'er
soothed into sleep.

The moon returns, and the spring, birds warble, trees
burst into leaf,
But Love once gone, goes for ever, and all that endures
is the grief.¹

3. It takes God to account for Rizpah. Is there
not a gleam of the heavenly in Rizpah's rugged
heart? Is there not in every form of true human
love a kind of converging testimony to the Heart
of the Eternal, who has put a piece of His own
divinity within our very being, to save our human
nature from being altogether clod and clay?

¶ All the love-stories of Israel are in some degree parables
of divine love. One after another, as they pass before us,
they leave with us some elementary lesson of the great truth
that the highest of all relations is the love-relation, and that
this, therefore, must be the relation between God and man.²

LITERATURE.

- Banks, L. A., *David and his Friends* (1900), 337.
Burrows, H. W., *Parochial Sermons*, iii. (1872) 184.
Butcher, C. H., *Sermons preached in the East* (1890), 115.
De Quetteville, P. W., *Short Studies on Vital Subjects*
(1898), 208.
Forbes, A. P., *Sermons on the Grace of God* (1862), 57.
Horton, R. F., *Women of the Old Testament* (1898), 148.
Houghton, L. S., *Hebrew Life and Thought* (1906), 144.
Maturin, W., *The Blessedness of the Dead in Christ* (1888),
107.
Miller, T. E., *Portraits of Women of the Bible* (1910), 152.
Ross, J. M. E., *The Christian Standpoint* (1911), 27.
Waller, C. H., *The Names on the Gates of Pearl* (1903),
277.

¹ *Poems by Mathilde Blind*, 70.

² L. S. Houghton, *Hebrew Life and Thought*, 183.

Williams, I., *Female Characters of Holy Scripture* (1890),
135.
Christian World Pulpit, lxxxv. (1914) 123 (J. G.
Stevenson).

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

Bees.

'And the Amorites which dwelt in that mountain came
out against you, and chased you, as bees do.'—Deut. 1⁴⁴.

There is at least one little word you understand
in this verse. When I read it my thoughts went
back to a June afternoon long ago, when I
happened to be one of a party standing at the top
of the ruined tower of an old castle. A swarm of
bees had alighted there, and we were trying to
entice them into a hive.

I am sure that nearly every one of you has at
some time or other seen a swarm of bees. You
may have met one. You treated the bees like
enemies; you tried to fight them with your cap,
and in the end only succeeded in making them
very angry. If you have ever come across wild
bees and robbed their byke you must know what
a real bee fight means.

Moses thought of bees pretty much as you do.
To him, as to many another traveller, they were
simply a savage and dangerous annoyance. His
words to the Israelites recall an incident in the
travels of Mungo Park. Some of his people
having met with a populous bee-hive imprudently
attempted to plunder it of its honey. The swarm
rushed out in fury and attacked the company so
vigorously that man and beast fled in every
direction. The horses were never recovered, and
several of the asses were so severely stung that
they died the next day.

I believe it is not generally known, but it is
true, that in the recent operations in German East
Africa, when the troops under General Smuts
arrived at a certain place they were suddenly
attacked by great swarms of bees. The Germans
had placed their hives in the way and attached
them to wires so that when the soldiers trod on
the wires the hives were overturned.

1. Nowadays it is a very common thing for
people to make bees a study. They look into
their homes, and learn all about them. And these

wonderful insects teach many fine lessons. Not very long ago, a lady in speaking of a young farmer said to me, 'He is somewhat rough on the surface, but there must be a finer side to his nature—he makes a special study of bees.' How could that be, do you think? One of the greatest of our present-day writers on the subject says that the first time we open a hive there comes over us a feeling that we are profaning a sacred place where at any moment some terrible surprise may meet us, and that is a good experience for any one. A bee-hive is quite dark. There the bees work; and there they not only make those wonderful honeycombs, but produce the sweet honey you like so much.

2. Have you ever examined a honeycomb carefully? If you have, you must have noticed how perfectly each cell is formed. The cells are six-sided and built with such marvellous accuracy that the hand of man could make nothing to equal them.

When you are a little older, you will, I hope, read Maeterlinck's book on *The Life of the Bee*. It is full of interest from beginning to end. What he tells us reads like a fairy tale. He describes the hive as a busy, busy city, governed by laws as fixed as those of the proverbial Medes and Persians. Above those laws there seems to be a great principle. I do not know if we can call it a principle—rather is it a spirit—an atmosphere. Let me explain what I mean. Once a girl was out spending an evening at a friend's house, and about eight o'clock she said to her hostess, 'I cannot stay longer—I must go.' 'Why?' she was asked. 'There is no rule in the boarding school,' she answered, 'but there's an *atmosphere*, it's more binding than a *law*,' and she laughed. (The lady at the head of the school had a great power over her pupils.) Well, one of the chief things that the spirit or atmosphere of the hive says is that no bee must think simply of itself—self-interest must be sacrificed for the good of the whole. It is by frequent and careful watching that this has been found out.

3. There are wonderful palaces in the hive; and though you will scarcely believe it, there are love-stories; and sometimes these become tragedies, for bees are often so devoted to each other that if they become separated they pine away and die. Then, do you remember that I spoke of the hive as a dark city? The tiny

inhabitants of it work in the midst of mystery and hope. They go on working and just perish. They would live longer if they were only a little less forgetful of self. Think of it all, boys and girls. I shall not tell you about the faults of bees; I dare say you know that they are bad-tempered. Try, however, to find out more about bees for yourselves.

4. The other day I took up a book. It was called *In Tune with the Infinite*. That means being so near to the spiritual world that one can almost hear God speaking. The bees are so in tune with Nature that they know exactly the time when on some bright summer's day they must leave the old home and seek for a place in which to build a new one. So they go on. Can't we learn from them? Do we not get to think so much of our lessons, or our daily work, or our sport, that we have no time for thoughts of Nature or of God? To the young farmer of whom I told you, a summer without bees would be dull indeed—as dull as one without flowers would seem to you. He was a better man for thinking about them. When Robinson Crusoe saw the footprint in the sand, he felt he was not alone; he could not help thinking about God. And behind the wonderful spirit of the bee-hive there is surely some Great Mind—the same indeed that makes the trees bud and the flowers blossom. Yes, and that gave you your own home, and the father and mother who care for you. If you but allow yourselves to think of some of the wonders of Nature you cannot help praying; and, boys and girls, when you pray in earnest you are not far from the Kingdom.

II.

The Right Kind of Hands.

'Clean hands.'—Ps 24.

Did you ever stop to think what very powerful things hands are? It is with our brains that we think, and it is with our tongues that we speak, but it is with our hands that we act. They can be used for doing good, or for getting into mischief; for giving, or for stealing; for creating beautiful things, or for destroying; for healing, or for hurting. And so it is very important that we should have the right kind of hands.

Now if you look through the Bible I think you will find that the right kind of hands are 'clean

hands.' But what does the Bible mean when it speaks about 'clean hands'? Well, perhaps you will understand better if I tell you a story which I read the other day.

There was once a Russian princess who lived in a wonderful palace of ice. Her parents were very wealthy and she had lots of fine toys; but she loved best of all to play in the beautiful garden which lay round the palace. She was quite content and happy until one day she peeped through a hole in the high hedge which surrounded the garden. And beyond the hedge she espied some flowers which looked far more gorgeous than those in her own garden. She was just going to squeeze herself through the hedge when her nurse pulled her back and told her that, although the flowers looked so fine, they were really poisonous and if she pulled them they would for ever stain her hands.

Well, the princess was rather like a great many people who are older and wiser. Just because the flowers were forbidden they seemed all the more desirable. And the more she thought about them, the more she wanted them. So at last she found an opportunity to escape from her nurse. She broke through the hedge and gathered a great bunch of the gorgeous flowers, and she carried them back in triumph to show her nurse how foolish she had been to forbid them. But when she laid down her bouquet and looked at her hands, she saw that they were all stained just as if they had been burned black. Moreover, the fumes rising from the flowers had darkened her face and dimmed her eyes. And the worst of it was that she was never quite the same afterwards. Her face never became really white again, and she always sat with her hands hidden in her lap, palms downward, to hide the ugly stains that would not come off.

Now there are two kinds of stains we get on our hands. The first kind comes off, and the second kind does not. The first is the kind we get when we go out to play or to dig in the garden. Generally we come in with very grimy hands, but a good scrub with soap and water soon puts them right again. But the second is the kind that we get when we do anything mean or unworthy or dishonest, and that is the kind the Bible means us to avoid when it talks about 'clean hands.' No amount of washing or scrubbing on our part will take those stains away.

Like the flowers of the Russian princess they soil and spoil our hands for life.

Would you like to know the names of some of the things that make our hands black and ugly?

1. First there is *stealing*. That puts a very black stain on them. Perhaps most of you think that at any rate you haven't got that mark on your hands. But are you quite sure about it? You know there are more ways of stealing than one. You can steal just as much by taking little things as big things, by taking lumps of sugar or bits of cake or marbles. And you can steal other things besides money or goods. You can steal time by being idle when you ought to be busy. You can steal another boy's brains by copying his exercise instead of taking the trouble to write your own.

2. And another thing that stains our hands is *greed*. Now although greed isn't quite the same as stealing, it is a very near relation—a first cousin I should think. When we steal we take what belongs to somebody else by right; when we grab we take something that somebody else has an equal right to with us, and we take it quite regardless of their share of the right. The grabby person takes the biggest cake and the rosier apple and the best place in a game, and when he grows older he grabs the best position and doesn't mind how much he pushes to get other people out of it. And the worst of it is that grabbing is so very near to stealing that sometimes we can scarcely tell when we go from one to the other. When we are trying to take all we can get it is so easy to take a little more than we are entitled to have. Well, I'm not going to say anything about how greedy people get disliked, but I want you to remember that greed not only stains our hands but twists and deforms them, and nothing we can do will put them straight again.

3. Another thing that stains our hands is *cruelty*. And I think that puts the blackest mark of all on them. It is the mark which shows that we are no better than the beasts, that in fact we are a great deal worse, because the beasts have not brains to invent forms of torture, nor consciences to tell them they are doing wrong. Now I think you will notice something if you read the lives of really great men, of our great soldiers and sailors and leaders; they were nearly

always kind to dumb animals and little weak things. God has made some things helpless and dependent on us. We could all use our superior strength to torment them. That is easy. What is not so easy is to care for and protect them and keep ourselves from hurting and oppressing them when we feel tempted to. That shows real strength.

We have thought of three particular ways in which we blacken our hands—by stealing, by grabbing, by cruelty. But indeed every kind of wrong-doing soils our hands, so we can't help getting them more or less stained as we go through life.

Now if you read the Psalm from which our text is taken you will see that nobody is fit to enter God's presence with soiled hands. And we have seen that no amount of scrubbing on our part can take away the stains. Then what are we to do? Shall we never get rid of those stains, and shall we never be fit to stand in God's holy place? Yes, there is one way. We can take them to Jesus, and we can ask Him to wash them and to keep them clean. He alone is able to do it, and He will do it if we ask Him.

Point and Illustration.

The Name of Jesus.

ONE of the most interesting of the books which have been written by Chaplains to the Forces, and these books are now not few, is a book entitled *On the King's Service* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net), which has been written by the Rev. Innes Logan, M.A. There is no 'writing-up' in it, none whatever. Yet it is not too much to say that every chapter has its thrilling narrative. Without controversy Mr. Logan has the gift. Any chapter could be quoted to prove it. Take this from the chapter entitled 'A Clearing Station.'

'There is not, and never has been a religious revival, in the usual sense of the term, on the Flanders front, and I am afraid it is true that modern war knocks and smashes any faith he ever had out of many a man. Yet in a hospital there is much ground for believing that shining qualities which amid the refinements of civilization are often absent—staunch, and even tender comradeship, readiness to judge kindly if judge at all, resolute endurance, and absence of self-seeking, so typical of our fighting men—have their root in a genuine

religious experience more often than is, in the battalions, immediately evident. It has been my experience, again and again, that with dying men who have sunk into the last lethargy, irresponsible to every other word, the Name of Jesus still can penetrate and arouse. The hurried breathing becomes for a moment regular, or the eyelids flicker, or the hand faintly returns the pressure. I have scarcely ever known this to fail though all other communication had stopped. It is surely very significant and moving.'

The Ideal and the Actual.

Dr. Herbert B. Workman, President of Westminster Training College, has the gift of exposition. And he does not confine it to the Bible. He is not a commentator of Old Testament or New. He is an expositor of the Church. His particular field of study is the History of the Church in the Early and Middle Ages. And just there where accurate and interesting exposition is so much needed, he is a masterly expositor.

Dr. Workman's new book contains six lectures, delivered under the Cole foundation of the Vanderbilt University, and now published with the title, *The Foundation of Modern Religion* (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net). Their subject is the Mediæval Church, its history, its character, its contribution. We have described the book in describing its author. Let us confirm our estimate by a characteristic quotation. If it is somewhat long it is very significant.

'We pass from the study of the penitentials, as an illustration of the nature of mediæval conventions, to the consideration of another matter, the right understanding of which lies at the root of insight into all mediæval matters. We allude to the discrepancy in mediæval life between its ethical and spiritual ideals and the spotted actualities of its daily life. Practice, it is true, in every age must always drop below the ethical standard, unless indeed the ethical standard is of a low average. Certainly Christian practice, save for the saint, can never attain the ideal as it is in the great Exemplar. Even in Greece and Rome we see the contrast of practice and precept. But in neither Greece nor Rome could there exist the abysmal contradictions which we find abound in mediæval Christianity.

'The reason, of course, is obvious. The ethical standards of Greece and Rome were finite and

human. They were the results of the introspective thoughts of its philosophers, and could not rise higher than their own source. But the Christian ideal of conduct involved the supernatural and infinite; the source and example was the perfection of the one Divine Life on earth. With the Greek time was of the essence of the ideal; the ancient demanded a standard that could be fulfilled on earth. With the Christian the ideal was from the first brought into relation with the great Beyond; the will of God as it is done in heaven is the daily rule for men's will on earth. With the Greek or Roman,—for instance, the noblest stoic of them all, Marcus Aurelius,—ethics were limited to present-day duty; the other world had no message of hope. With the Christian this life was but the schoolhouse. For him, as for Browning's grammarian,

"Actual life comes next.
Man has Forever."

He sums up its possibilities both for the now and the hereafter in the golden thought: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be. But we know that when it shall be made manifest we shall be like him."

'Contradiction therefore between the ideal and the actual in Christianity was sharp and inevitable, and only could have been avoided by a Christianity that came down to the level of human nature itself. The gospel of salvation was necessarily, both for the individual and the race, a gospel of contradiction between the ideal upheld and life's common cravings and passions. Such contrast every man feels within his own heart; and this law of the microcosm has ever been the law of the world at large. But never has the contradiction between the ideal and the actual been more vivid than in the Middle Ages. And this for a double reason. The contradiction would have been less sharp and painful had the ideal been lowered, or had human nature been worthier. But, to the eternal glory of the mediæval Church, whatever its practice, it never lowered its standard. On the contrary, the very simplicity of an age that knew nothing of introspection or higher criticism gave to the ideal a literal sharpness of outline, inexplicable to a more complex generation. Nevertheless this literalness produced such mighty saints as St. Bernard, St. Francis, or St. Catherine of Siena. The mediæval saint, in fact, towers above all other

saints, simply because he knew nothing of twentieth century adaptations of the Gospel to the need of business, pleasure, knowledge, politics, and imperialism. But while the mediæval saint thus set before himself an ideal far more difficult and transcendent than those in vogue to-day, on the other hand the ethical capacities of the average mediæval man were far lower than those of to-day. For it is the weakness of the twentieth century, as well as its strength, that between the ethics of the street and the pew there is not an overwhelming difference. In the twentieth century, therefore, we are not troubled by the glaring contradictions between ideal and practice; if anything it is the ideal that needs raising; it is too much smirched with the dust of what is deemed practicable. But in the Middle Ages the average man was but a savage once removed, the long centuries of whose superstition and vicious practices could not be eradicated by a few years of sacraments and teaching. The student, therefore, will make but little progress in the understanding of the early mediæval Church who does not sympathetically bear in mind the inevitable contradiction between the ideals, sublime beyond measure, of the saint, and the pit, noise-some, dark and barbarous, from which the actual life of men was digged. Religion, in fact, was revered as a thing external, the special concern of a priestly class whose merits the community vicariously shared. The application of inward religion by the laymen to the round of life in the castle, in the camp, in the shop or in the field, was an ideal of whose realization the Church only slowly began to dream. Not until St. Francis founded his order of Tertiaries do we find it taken up in any organized form.'

In Good Company.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan has found manifest pleasure in recording his recollections of Swinburne, Lord Roberts, Watts-Dunton, Oscar Wilde, Edward Whymper, S. J. Stone (the author of 'The Church's one foundation'), and Stephen Phillips. And he has given pleasure to other men and women in multitudes. The note of the book is sincerity. You can trust him. Whatever his memory may be for facts (we have no reason to doubt it), his memory for impressions is never at fault, and his impressions are without fear and

without reproach. He calls the book *In Good Company* (Lane; 5s. net).

Let us tell one of Mr. Kernahan's stories after him. Its special title might be 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.'

'Edward Whymper (the mountain climber) was a "marked" man wherever he went; and in all companies a man of masterful personality, who inspired attention and respect in every one, and something like fear in a few, but who, except in the case of children, rarely inspired affection. That he was aware his manner was not always conciliatory—was in fact at times forbidding—seems likely from a story which I have heard him tell on several occasions and always with infinite gusto.

"I was walking up Fleet Street one day," he began, pursing his lips, mouthing and almost smacking them over his words as if the flavour were pleasant to the palate, "when I chanced to see a sixpence lying upon the ground. Now according to the law of the land, anything we find in the street is in a public place and must be taken to the nearest police station. I wasn't going to be at the bother of picking up a sixpence merely to take myself and it to the police station, so I cast an eye around and walking just behind me I saw a poor ragged devil without so much as a shirt to his back or a pair of shoes to his feet. I didn't require to speak or even to point to the sixpence. I just caught the fellow's eyes and looked with my own two eyes at the sixpence upon the pavement. That was quite enough. He followed my glance, saw the coin lying there, knew that my glance meant 'You can have it if you like,' and my good fellow was down on it in a moment. Well, I didn't stop to let the fellow thank me, but just walked on. It so happens, however, that I'm peculiarly sensitive to outside impressions. If I'm in the street and some one is taking stock of me, even though I can't see them, I'm conscious of it in a moment. If I'm in a hall, listening, say, to a lecture, and some one behind me has recognized me, or is interested in me for any reason, I'm just as aware of it as if I had eyes in the back of my head. Well, I passed up Fleet Street, and along the Strand till, approaching Charing Cross, I became suddenly aware that some one behind was watching me as if for a purpose. I turned, and there was my ragged, shirtless, bootless devil of a tramp, who had followed me all that way, poor devil, I

supposed to thank me. So I thought it decent to slow my pace, and when he was just alongside of me I half turned to give him the chance to speak, and waited to hear what he had to say. What do you think it was? To express his thanks? Not a bit. When he was level with me, he hissed, almost spat in my ear, 'You blank, blank, blanky blank, blank! too blanky proud blank, are you? to pick up a sixpence—blank you!'

"That, I said to myself at the time," continued Whymper, "is all the thanks you get for trying to do a good turn, to the British vagrant. But, on thinking it over, I've come to the conclusion that there was something unintentionally offensive or shall we say patronizing, in the way I looked at the man and then at the sixpence—something which he resented so bitterly that he had to follow me all that way to spit it out."

Quotations.

There is always a demand for books of quotations if they are good. If they are not good they are nothing. The ability to discern the right words to quote is not a mean one. It is next to the ability to write the words. But the good book must also be appropriate and accurate. If it is outside the range of one's interests one has no interest in it. If it is inaccurate it is the veriest fraud.

One objection only is to be made to *Forty Thousand Quotations*, compiled by Charles Noel Douglas (Harrap; 12s. 6d. net). It does not give the book (or poem) from which the quotation is made. It gives the author alone. Now very often we want the context. Let this be considered for a future edition. Otherwise all is well. It is accurate so far as tested; it is appropriate for all ordinary speakers or preachers or students of life. Its scope includes a great many passages (single sentences) from Scripture (besides those that are scattered throughout the book under their own title), and a great many (ten columns) on Washington's Birthday. As for the wisdom of the selection, it is a marvel of consistency and success. We should like to quote a complete section, but it is difficult to find one short enough. Take

ECCENTRICITY.

Eccentricity is developed monomania.—BAYARD TAYLOR.

Who affects useless singularities has surely a little mind.—LAVATER.

Even beauty cannot always palliate eccentricity.—BALZAC.

Men are of necessity so mad, that not to be mad were madness in another form.—PASCAL.

Often extraordinary excellence, not being rightly conceived, does rather offend than please.—SIR P. SIDNEY.

Oddities and singularities of behaviour may attend genius; but when they do, they are its misfortunes and blemishes. The man of true genius will be ashamed of them, or at least will never affect to be distinguished by them.—SIR W. TEMPLE.

Eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded; and the amount of eccentricity in a society has been proportional to the amount of genius, mental vigour, and moral courage it contained. That so few now dare to be eccentric, marks the chief danger of the time.—JOHN STUART MILL.

The Practice of the Sermon on the Mount.

'A Korean came into the study of a missionary one day and said, "I have been memorizing some verses in the Bible, and thought I would come and recite them to you." The missionary listened while this convert repeated in Korean, without a verbal error, the entire Sermon on the Mount. Feeling that some practical advice might be helpful, the missionary said: "You have a marvellous memory to be able to repeat this long passage without a mistake. However, if you simply memorize it, it will do you no good. You must practise it." The Korean Christian smiled as he replied, "That's the way I learned it." Somewhat surprised, the missionary asked him what he meant, and he said: "I am only a stupid farmer, and when I tried to memorize it the verses wouldn't stick. So I hit upon this plan. I memorized one verse and then went out and practised that verse on my neighbours until I had it; then I took the next verse and repeated the process, and the experience has been such a

blessed one that I am determined to learn the entire Gospel of Matthew that way." And he did it.'

The anecdote is quoted from a pamphlet by Dr. George Heber Jones on the Korean Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is quoted in a book entitled *Popular Aspects of Oriental Missions*, which has been written by Mr. L. O. Hartman, Ph.D. (New York: Abingdon Press; \$1.35 net). Mr. Hartman's object is to show how the teachings of the various religions of the Far East actually work out in life. He has travelled in the East; he has read many books on the religions of the East; and he can write. Thus his equipment is complete. It would be difficult to find an easier introduction to the study of Eastern religion.

Another Life.

Elizabeth A. Hayes feels keenly, even bitterly, the agony of the War, and in her *Thoughts on Many Themes* (Scott; 2s. 6d. net), especially in its poetry, speaks out about it. But the *Thoughts* are not all of the War. This is her faith in Providence:

'Many of the disappointments in this life will doubtless be appointments in the next.

'When Providence deprives us of one good thing, we may rest assured it is to bestow upon us something better; yea, in the end, when the heart-strings which have quivered and vibrated to that strange tune of human life are still, to offer us heaven in exchange for earth.

'There is no explanation of this life except it be found in one to come. It is like a mysterious nut which has never yet been opened. Some men spend their earthly existence in examining a few of the wonderful markings on its outer shell, others bore straight for the kernel, becoming convinced that there is one. But the nut still remains unopened, the secret of its heart unknown. Yet, if ought should persuade man of the existence of another world, surely it is the fact of living in this: so full of enigmas, brimming with sorrow, and containing so much joy.'

Contributions and Comments.

Araunah the Jebusite.

IN the *Encyc. Biblica*, Canon Cheyne explains away this name. He says: Araunah, as a name, is thoroughly un-Hebraic and presumably un-Canaanitish. He assumes: 'One has a right to require a definite Hebrew name.' And he asserts: the definite Hebrew name required is Adonijah. Again, in his *Crit. Bibl.*, published later, on this name, he adds a curious note: 'Adonijah, however, is certainly an incorrect pronunciation.' Does he mean an incorrect transliteration of a foreign name? Then his explanation in *Enc. Bi.* is wrong and baseless. After all, the original name was un-Hebraic at least. And why should any Jebusite, of necessity, have a definite Hebrew name? As a rule, at any rate, all the world over, even now, much more so then, a man's name is chosen from his own language. The language of the Jebusite was certainly a language of Canaan, even if it were not Hebrew—perhaps Hittite, or Habiri, or some other Canaanite dialect.

Certainly, if the name were a Hebrew one, the resourceful Canon, I believe, would never have failed to give us the correct pronunciation. That it was not a Hebrew name, commentators generally agree. H. P. Smith says: 'The original form of the name cannot be recovered' (*Inter. Crit. Com.*). The author had the original form, and evidently hesitated over its transliteration. The present Massoretic Text, if genuine, bears ample evidence of that. With three attempts the author satisfied himself, namely, אורנה (v.¹⁶), ארינה (v.¹⁸), and ארונה (vv.^{20bis}, 21. ^{22bis}, 23. ²⁴). The Massorettes evidently consider the second attempt to be a textual error—the *yod* should be a *vav*; and they direct that the first form should be pointed like the third. Still, they have left the two forms in the text as regards the consonants. Their authorized reading, like ours, was *Araunah* (or *Auarnah*). Clearly this means at least: the author himself felt some linguistic difficulty in transliterating; and he was anxious to offer his reader a passably correct Hebrew form of a Jebusite name! I would emphasize this fact and offer no criticism at present.

The following points may be added:—The story does not suggest that the Hebrews and the

Jebusites were the closest of friends; or that there existed any linguistic difficulty as to their conversation about the buying and selling of a piece of land. They had also much in common as to their sacrificial thoughts, ritual, and language. The only question that remains is this: Was the Jebusite language a Canaanite dialect—a Habiri speech or a Hittite *patois*?

WILLIAM GLYNNE.

St. John's, Shildon, Co. Durham.

Revelation i. 20.

THERE is a very fruitful idea here in the relation between the stars and the candlesticks, which perhaps has not been fully brought out by the commentators. As to the ἀγγελοι of the churches, represented by the stars, commentators are divided between the idea of the Bishop and that of the guardian angel or heavenly counterpart of the Church. But even those who take the latter view do not seem to rise to its full implications. What is this heavenly counterpart of the Church, this angel (like the angels of the little ones in Mt 18¹⁰ who ever behold the Father's face), which is represented by the star? Is it not the divine ideal of the Church, the Godward aspect of it, the Church itself as God is graciously pleased to see it? What we have then is this: the candlestick is the Church as we see it; the star is the Church as God sees it. We see the poor flame on a candlestick—but God sees a star. And here we have the guarantee of the Church's security (earthly tempests cannot extinguish the stars); and of the Church's success (the darkness of the world will not comprehend the light of the stars).

C. W. INGLIS WARDROP.

Biggar.

An Illustration.

IN the Old Testament there is an emphasis on the name of Jehovah which is little commented on. If this sacred term signifies the Self-Existent One it has distinctly the further meaning of the Deliverer from sorrow.

Jehovah is He who hears the cry of the distressed or aggrieved and who in compassion comes to give redress or salvation. It is Jehovah Abraham finds on his virtual offering up of Isaac—the God who pities and provides. It is Jehovah who redresses the grievances of Isaac and blesses him—a fact which makes Abimelech afraid. It is Jehovah Jacob sees that lonely night, at the foot of the ladder—a vision which fills him with awe; and Jehovah on whom he calls, on his return, to save him from Esau. It is Jehovah who sustains the broken-hearted Joseph in Egypt and gives him favour with all. And it is Jehovah who appears to Moses, saying: ‘I have surely seen the affliction of my people in Egypt, and have heard their cry . . . I am come down to deliver them. . . . Now shalt thou see what I will do to Pharaoh. . . . I have heard the groaning of the children of Israel; say unto them: I am Jehovah . . . I will bring you out . . . I will rid you of their bondage . . . I will redeem you . . . I will take you to me for a people.’

Further instances may be collected from the O.T., but these are sufficient to prove this particular and very definite meaning of the name of Jehovah.

In China a custom prevails that aptly illustrates this significance of the Jewish name for God. In severe pain, in calamity, oppression, or great grief of mind, a person will exclaim, ‘Ya-wei, Ya-wei.’ It is not so much a call as a groan, a sob, or an exclamation of anguish. It always betokens exceeding intensity of grief or fear, from whatever cause.

The two syllables are not represented in the written language. Neither are they everywhere pronounced the same. They vary from ‘Ya-wei’ to ‘A-wei’ or ‘Yah-wei.’ Either or both are sometimes slurred or drawn out, and it is difficult for a European to pronounce them exactly. The ‘wei’ occasionally is a cross sound between ‘wei’ and ‘way.’ But whatever be the variations the word is easily recognizable and, after once heard, unforgettable.

It may be that this exclamation is a vocal relic of a long forgotten past. No one can say. Whether or not, I know of no custom that so beautifully illustrates the character of Jehovah as He is portrayed for us in the deliverance of His people from Egypt.

Did the Hebrews and other ancient Semites have a similar cry in their times of anguish and

sorrow? If so, would not that help to throw light on the origin of this revered name for God, and explain their later superstition in not pronouncing it?

THOS. TORRANCE.

Chengtu, Szechuan, China.

Luke xx. 20.

‘AND they’ watched him, and sent forth spies, which should feign themselves just men.’

‘They’ according to Luke (v.¹⁹) were ‘the scribes and chief priests,’ but both Matthew (22¹⁶) and Mark (12¹³) state with more definition that they were Pharisees and Herodians. Calvin (*Harmony*, on the passage) well notes that these two parties in the state held opposite views in regard to the payment of tribute. The one aimed at undermining Jesus’ standing with the Many, should He admit the liability to tribute, and the other, should He deny it, could denounce Him to the Dawlah. Neither of them could, therefore, have approached Jesus with such a question in their own proper characters, seeing that their views were well known; and Luke states that they, in fact, did not do so.

The only party who could, with any hope of being taken seriously, have put this question about the legitimacy of the Census-money was that of the Sadducees. They were at once sticklers for the national Law and upholders of the alien Government (Jos. *Ant.* xiii. 10. 6, xviii. 1. 3). The Hebrew for Sadducees is צַדִּיקִים, which in the writing of the period would not be distinguishable from צַדִּיקִים (just), of which the Greek rendering is regularly δίκαιοι. In the present passage there does not appear to be much point in the emissaries of the Pharisees and Herodians ‘feigning themselves just men’ (δικαίους), and I venture to suggest that this δικάους is simply a mistaken rendering of an original ‘Sadducees.’ In the following section (Lk 20²⁷) the *real* Sadducees appear on the scene.

T. H. WEIR.

University of Glasgow.

Sheeny.

MIGHT not the origin of this name for a Jew be found in the East End boy’s capacity for coining a nickname? The Yiddish-speaking foreign Jew’s

pronunciation of the German word 'schön' (fine, beautiful), a word which would be often on such a Jew's lips, would come very near to 'sheen.'

J. H. ADENEY.

Bedford.

'The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence' (Matt. xi. 12).

ARE not our Lord's words here rather laudatory than critical, and, joined with John's message, are they not the mark of a new order of things? Reasons for this view may be given.

(1) Why is John mentioned as a starting-point? He preached *μετάνοια* and the Kingdom. Our Lord Himself began His ministry with the same call. Is Repentance an easy thing? Is it not rather the most difficult thing in the world of human thought? If it be the only door to the Kingdom, what resolution, what struggle, what moral grit does it not call for on the part of those who make the effort!

In one of the noblest passages in 'Enid and Geraint' Tennyson emphasizes the psychological struggle—'Full seldom does a man repent,' etc.

The struggle of the Prodigal Son with bad food and dirty work was nothing compared with the fight against reluctance and pride which must be beaten even with violence (*βία*) before he could go home and say, 'Father, I have sinned.' He won out and went. Would not our Lord rightly style him *βιαστής*?

The individual soul anywhere and everywhere that shows like courage as well as knowledge and conviction is the man whom nothing can stop, and by the magnificent paradox of the Gospel is numbered among the *πτωχοὶ τῷ πνεύματι* (Mt 5³) whose is the Kingdom, through humility.

(2) It may be asked where do we find any justification for such a kindlier use of *βιαστής*. In passing we may note that in Æschylus we have the conjunction, *εὐμενὲ βία*—in the Iliad *οὐκ ἔστι βίῃ φρεσὶν*—in the Odyssey the related *βιατός* is joined with *νοός*. But what is more to the point is that our Lord was not tied down in His speech to customary uses of words when He aimed at rousing His hearers from apathy and challenging attention and memory: He used words that stuck. In Lk 14²⁶, 'and *hate* not his father and mother,' the startling phrase has called for much exegesis. In Mt 5¹⁸ *ἐὰν δὲ τὸ ἅλας μωρανθῇ*, 'If the

salt be turned into silliness,' yields but a mild sense in our ordinary versions. (Has the use of the word *ἅλας* in late Greek anything to do with Latin *sales*?)

Lk 13³², 'Go ye and tell that fox,' startles us almost to asking, Can our Lord have said this at all? It may well be that we have had preserved for us only a few of His more extraordinary turns of speech, and the recent finds in Egypt have their own suggestiveness. What we have on record shows that He was no pedant, yet did not aim at overstrained subtlety but at emphasis. Much of what we have reminds us (for illustration) of curative medicines made up in tabloids for handy use—parables in little: *e.g.*, I am the Door—I am the Good Shepherd—I am the Light of the World—This is my Body.

(3) Considered as a statement of a moral and spiritual experience our text is on all-fours with St. Lk 13²⁴, *ἀγωνίζεσθε εἰσελθεῖν διὰ τῆς στενῆς πύλης* (*θύρας*), which in its turn gives us the true limit of *πᾶς* (everyone) in Lk 16¹⁶ and may be paraphrased—Everyone who does enter, enters by the only door of determined and courageous resolve to reform, involving a *violent* wrench away from the old life.

(4) The fact that St. Luke's sentence ends with *βιάζεται* instead of the *ἀπάξουσιν* of St. Matthew suggests the possibility that if we had the sentence in Aramaic we might find an alliterative one, similar to the play on words which Isaiah exhibits in Is 4⁷ and 24¹⁷, and which is lost altogether in our English translation. Such a method is excellent for riveting attention and aiding memory.

To sum up, it seems in conformity with the general trend and manner of our Lord's teaching to paraphrase this condensed utterance thus: From the time John preached that Repentance and its outward acknowledgment in Baptism were the condition of entrance to the Kingdom, men of conviction and resolution have struggled hard with themselves and triumphantly made their way into the Kingdom as conquerors in spite of all the powers of evil. Cp. Ro 8³⁷, Eph 6¹¹⁻¹⁷, 2 Tim 4⁷.

After all, the victory is the Lord's victory in and through man. The Stronger (Jesus) has vanquished the Strong (the Devil), and so the Kingdom of God has come (Lk 11²⁰⁻²²).

Men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

BENJAMIN RALPH.

Chellwood, Canada.

'The Remainder of Wrath.'

THE exact Hebrew wording of Ps 76¹⁰, where these words occur, calls for a closer examination than that evinced in either the A.V., 'The remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain,' or the R.V., 'The residue of wrath shalt thou gird upon thee.' Both translations are unsatisfactory as close renderings and fail to bring out the actual meaning of the clause and its true place in the context. Reasons for this opinion are submitted below.

As a foreword it may be observed that the whole song relates to war (the LXX adds *πρὸς τὸν Ἀσσύριον*) and to God's place and attitude in relation to war and its aftermath. It is noteworthy that, though the opening of the Psalm has a local colouring, its purview (as often in the Psalms and the Prophets) widens out into a universal field, and takes in the whole providence of the Almighty. It begins with 'Judah,' but soon passes to 'all the meek of the earth.'

In support of the objection raised above, the following considerations are advanced:—

1. Neither the A.V. nor the R.V. is a close translation of the latter clause of the Hebrew text of v.¹⁰. In the former clause of the verse *הַמַּת* (= 'hot passion') is singular grammatically, in the latter clause it is in the plural *הַמַּת*, namely, 'particular acts of hot passion.' This difference is ignored in both versions and also in the LXX, where the feeble word *ἐνθύμιον* appears in both clauses.

2. The former clause apparently makes a hopeful assertion about 'wrath of man' as a whole, which is somehow to be turned in the end to God's honour. Whence then comes any *remainder of wrath* to be further dealt with? The partitive sense given in the versions seems quite inadmissible.

3. The sentiment arrived at seems rather tame and feeble and out of suit with the balanced dignity of the Psalm as a whole and with the nice parallelism of the previous verse—'all the meek of the earth.'

4. The pivot word, however, is *שְׁאֵרִית* translated in R.V. 'residue.' A comparison of several passages in which this word occurs exhibits the fact that a common usage applies it to persons or a nation, such as the remnant left by war or some other scourge, and it is usually accompanied in the context either by a promise and hope that the survivors will be rescued and taken care of, or, on

the other hand, by a warning of the complete ruin of the remnant of the ungodly. It is sufficient to cite as examples Mic 7¹⁸, Zeph 2⁷, Jer 11²³ 44¹⁴.

5. It seems, then, more legitimate to render *שְׁאֵרִית הַמַּת* by 'survivors of acts of hot passion,' or, 'the remnant left after acts of man's violence,' which also makes the poetic balance of the verse correspond more agreeably to that of v.⁹, which closes with God's care of the innocent. For such a use of the grammatical construct state we may compare Ezk 12¹⁹, 'The violence done by all the inhabitants.' This subjective sense ought here also to displace the spiritless and needless partitive genitive.

6. There remains the final verb *תִּקְנֶה*, which the R.V. rightly connects with the sense 'gird,' but needlessly makes it reflexive, supplying 'upon thee,' words not found in the text. Considering the variety of constructions found with *תִּקְנֶה* such addition to bring out the meaning would be legitimate if needed. But it is not needed, and obscures the true meaning of the clause.

It is sufficient to translate it simply, 'Thou shalt gird up,' with the sense always present to the Oriental mind of preparation for an effort. Thus it implies the added hope that God will fit and prepare 'the survivors' for a fresh start, a fresh duty, a new effort, a new purpose. With this compare Pr 31¹⁷, where the same verb *תִּקְנֶה* in the former part is balanced by the verb *אֲמִץ*, 'make strong,' in the second member. The LXX (*ἐοπράσει σοι*) does not give any help and appears to be founded on another reading.

Conclusion. Taking the two clauses together, we seem to find in the former a hopeful confidence that somehow the summed up passion and violence of the world will in the end be turned to God's glory, and in the latter clause the confidence that God will use His kingly power and fatherly providence to reinstate the surviving innocent sufferers of wrong. This hope is a salutary comfort in the present world crisis: 'Thou shalt restore the survivors of violence.'

BENJAMIN RALPH.

Chellwood, Sask., Canada.

What does it signify?

THE word *σημαίνω* at the beginning of the Apocalypse (1¹), both in the Authorized and the Revised Version, is rendered 'signify.' 'He

sent and signified it by his angel to his servant John.' Now the word 'signify' in English is used in a purely secondary meaning which does not in the least suggest the primary one. We say, 'What does it signify?' meaning 'What does it matter?' We say that a person has signified his agreement with somebody else. But what the writer of the Apocalypse meant was that certain things were shown by signs. 'He sent and showed it (or them) by signs to his servant John.' The moment we get away from the signs we lose the peculiar force of the book. So much indeed is the Apocalypse a book of signs that it might even, to a large extent, be set forth pictorially. One of the signs is that of the lake burning with fire and brimstone; and if it had only been remembered that this is a sign, then we should have been

delivered from the nightmare of an actual lake of fire and brimstone. In the life of Dean Farrar a letter is quoted in which the anonymous writer, after denouncing a sermon by Farrar in the Abbey, goes on to say, 'I pray that your eyes may be opened, before it is too late, and you find yourself in the lake of unquenchable fire.' The writer evidently thought of an actual lake; whereas it is but the terrible sign of something far more serious in the thing signified. If the lake burning with fire and brimstone has cooled to be the crater of an extinct volcano, we must not forget the volcano in the depths of the personal life which is not extinct. Jesus showed it by a sign to His servant John. Signs and symbols are only too easily overlooked as being signs and symbols. DAVID YOUNG.

Whitley Bay.

Entre Nous.

New Poetry.

Messrs. Constable have published *An Annual of New Poetry, 1917* (5s. net). It contains poems by Gordon Bottomley, W. H. Davies, John Drinkwater, Edward Eastaway, Robert Frost, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, T. Sturge Moore, and R. C. Trevelyan. These are good names. Some of them are great names. The volume is altogether too original, and too weighty in its originality, to be lost sight of in the multitude of books of poetry that are coming out just now. We quoted recently a parody of W. H. Davies. Here is a genuine poem. It is called

THE BELL.

It is the bell of death I hear,
Which tells me my own time is near;
When I must join those quiet souls
Where nothing lives but worms and moles;
And not come through the grass again,
Like worms and moles, for breath or rain;
Yet let none weep when my life's through,
For I myself have wept for few.

The only things that knew me well
Were children, dogs, and girls that fell;
I bought poor children cakes and sweets,
Dogs heard my voice and danced the streets;
And, gentle to a fallen lass,
I made her weep for what she was.
Good men and women knew not me,
Nor love nor hate the mystery.

We cannot quote from everybody, but John Drinkwater must not be passed by.

ON READING THE MS. OF DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNALS.

To-day I read the poet's sister's book,
She who so comforted those Grasmere days
When song was at the flood, and thence I took
A larger note of fortitude and praise.

And in her ancient fastness beauty stirred,
And happy faith was in my heart again,
Because the virtue of a simple word
Was durable above the lives of men.
For reading there that quiet record made
Of skies and hills, domestic hours, and free
Traffic of friends, and song, and duty paid,
I touched the wings of immortality.

The volume contains six of W. W. Gibson's attractive and inevitable monologues, each of them slightly abridged. We should like much to quote one of them. The shortest is

THE PLATELAYER.

Tapping the rails as he went by
And driving the slack wedges tight,
He walked towards the morning sky
Between two golden lines of light
That dwindled slowly into one
Sheer golden rail that ran right on
Over the fells into the sun.

And dazzling in his eyes it shone,
That golden track, as left and right
He swung his clinking hammer—ay,
'Twas dazzling after that long night
In Hindfell tunnel, working by
A smoky flare, and making good
The track the rains had torn . . .

Clink, clink,

On the sound metal—on the wood
A duller thwack!

It made him blink,
That running gold. . . .

'Twas sixteen hours

Since he'd left home—his garden smelt
So fragrant with the heavy showers
When he left home—and now he felt
That it would smell more fresh and sweet
After the tunnel's reek and fume
Of damp warm cinders. 'Twas a treat
To come upon the scent and bloom
That topped the cutting by the wood
After the cinders of the track,
The cinders and tarred sleepers—good
To lift your eyes from gritty black
Upon that blaze of green and red . . .
And she'd be waiting by the fence,
And with the baby . . .

Straight for bed

He'd make, if he had any sense,
And sleep the day; but, like as not,
When he'd had breakfast, he'd turn to
And hoe the back potato-plot:
'Twould be one mass of weeds he knew.
You'd think each single drop of rain
Turned, as it fell, into a weed.
You seemed to hoe and hoe in vain.
Chickweed and groundsel didn't heed
The likes of him—and bindweed, well,
You hoed and hoed—still its white roots
Ran deeper . . .

'Twould be good to smell

The fresh-turned earth, and feel his boots
Sink deep into the brown wet mould,
After hard cinders . . .

And, maybe,

The baby, sleeping good as gold
In its new carriage under a tree,
Would keep him company, while his wife
Washed up the breakfast things.

'Twas strange,

The difference that she made to life,
That tiny baby-girl.

The change

Of work would make him sleep more sound.
'Twas sleep he needed. That long night
Shovelling wet cinders underground,
With breaking back—the smoky light
Stinging his eyes till they were sore . . .

He'd worked the night that she was born,
Standing from noon the day before
All through that winter's night till morn
Laying fog-signals on the line
Where it ran over Devil's Ghyll . . .

And she was born at half-past nine,
Just as he stood aside until
The Scots' Express ran safely by . . .
He'd but to shut his eyes to see
Those windows flashing blindingly
A moment through the blizzard—he
Could feel again that slashing snow
That seemed to cut his face.

But they,

The passengers, they couldn't know
What it cost him to keep the way
Open for them. So snug and warm
They slept or chattered, while he stood
And faced all night that raking storm—
The little house beside the wood
For ever in his thoughts: and he,
Not knowing what was happening . . .

But all went well as well could be
With Sally and the little thing.
And it had been worth while to wait
Through that long night with work to do,
To meet his mother at the gate
With such good news, and find it true,
Ay, truer than the truth.

He still

Could see his wife's eyes as he bent
Over the bairn . . .

The Devil's Ghyll

Had done its worst, and he was spent;
But he'd have faced a thousand such
Wild nights as thon, to see that smile
Again, and feel that tender touch
Upon his cheek.

'Twas well worth while
 With such reward. And it was strange,
 The difference such a little thing
 Could make to them—how it could change
 Their whole life for them, and could bring
 Such happiness to them, though they
 Had seemed as happy as could be
 Before it came to them.

The day
 Was shaping well. And there was she,
 The lassie sleeping quietly
 Within her arms, beside the gate.

The storm had split that lilac tree.
 But he was tired, and it must wait.

J. Logie Robertson.

He is a bold man who writes a poem and calls it *Petition to the Deil*. Mr. Robertson does so, writes it in the Burns metre besides, and calls his book by the title of it (Paisley: Gardner; 1s. 6d. net). The first verse is:

O Thou, wham yet I'm sweer to name—
 A kind o' Kaiser when at hame,
 A spy abroad—but a' the same,
 Withoot addition,
 Deevil! I thy attention claim
 To my petition.

Now that verse gives us the key to the whole volume. It is a volume of war verses, as the author describes it; it is also a volume of anti-Kaiser verses. The sonnet we shall quote is typical. It is called

THE NAKED HAND.

December 27, 1915.

Thou that did'st brandish in the face of Peace
 A madman's mailed fist, that overaw'd
 And then uprous'd the nations, look abroad
 And mark the mailed fists how they increase!

These (dream not otherwise!) shall break the
 lease

Of thy usurping power, thou thing of fraud,
 Greed, pride, and cruelty! Patience of God!
 When, when shall Heaven decree thy reign shall
 cease!

Meanwhile, to fill thy dastard heart with fear,
 Look nearer home: it is a starving land,
 Befool'd and bankrupt by thy make-
 believe!

Closer than mailed fists, a Hand is here
 That wears no armour; 'tis a Naked Hand
 That thrusts at throats, and wears a
 ragged sleeve!

Frederic Manning.

Here is the war in all its savage realism—here in Mr. Manning's *Eidola* (Murray; 2s. 6d. net). But here also is the British soldier's unquenchable trust in God. Let us give two poems, to illustrate both attitudes.

THE TRENCHES.

Endless lanes sunken in the clay,
 Bays, and traverses, fringed with wasted herbage,
 Seed-pods of blue scabious, and some lingering
 blooms;

And the sky, seen as from a well,
 Brilliant with frosty stars.

We stumble, cursing, on the slippery duck-boards,
 Goaded like the damned by some invisible wrath,
 A will stronger than weariness, stronger than
 animal fear,

Implacable and monotonous.

Here a shaft, slanting, and below
 A dusty and flickering light from one feeble
 candle

And prone figures sleeping uneasily,
 Murmuring,
 And men who cannot sleep,
 With faces impassive as masks,
 Bright, feverish eyes, and drawn lips,
 Sad, pitiless, terrible faces,
 Each an incarnate curse.

Here in a bay, a helmeted sentry
 Silent and motionless, watching while two sleep,
 And he sees before him
 With indifferent eyes the blasted and torn land
 Peopled with stiff prone forms, stupidly rigid,
 As tho' they had not been men.

Dead are the lips where love laughed or sang,
 The hands of youth eager to lay hold of life,
 Eyes that have laughed to eyes,

And these were begotten,
O love, and lived lightly, and burnt
With the lust of a man's first strength: ere they
were rent,

Almost at unawares, savagely; and strewn
In bloody fragments, to be the carrion
Of rats and crows.

And the sentry moves not, searching
Night for menace with weary eyes.

THE SOUL'S ANSWER.

My soul said unto me: Yea, God is wise
With wisdom far too bright for our weak eyes.
I answered thus my soul: Yea, God is wise!

My soul said unto me: Yea, God is good
And maketh love to be our daily food.
I answered thus my soul: Yea, God is good!

I sent my soul from me that it might tell
The damned and make a Heaven where was
Hell,
It smiled and said: Nay, fear not, all is well!

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

'In many English churches before the Reformation there was kept a little lamp continually burning, called the Lamp of Poor Souls. People were reminded thereby to pray for the souls of those dead whose kinsfolk were too poor to pay for prayers and masses.' That lamp of pity gives the title and the tone to the book. The title is *The Lamp of Poor Souls* (Lane; 5s. net). For all poor souls everywhere, alive or dead, this true poet has a heart of pity. There is variety enough, for there is variety of need in the world. And pity is not a narrow grace. It is observant of nature, it is inclusive of gentle humour. Two of the most acceptable of the poems handle the hackneyed themes of the Dawn and the Evening; and the poem entitled Wiltshire is of some breadth of kindly satire.

I DIED o' cider and taters
When I wer a-turned four-score.
Us always wer hearty aters,
My feyther he wer afore.

There is a memorable poem on the bridegroom at Cana, who was led to love Christ because his heart was so full of love for his bride. But let us rather quote

THE LITTLE SISTER OF THE PROPHET.

'If there arise among you a prophet or dreamer ...'

I have left a basket of dates
In the cool dark room that is under the vine,
Some curds set out in two little crimson plates
And a flask of the amber wine,
And cakes most cunningly beaten
Of savoury herbs, and spice, and the delicate
wheaten
Flour that is best,
And all to lighten his spirit and sweeten his rest.

This morning he cried, 'Awake,
And see what the wonderful grace of the Lord
bath revealed!'
And we ran for his sake,
But 'twas only the dawn outspread o'er our
father's field,
And the house of the potter white in the valley
below.
But his hands were upraised to the east and he
cried to us, 'So
Ye may ponder and read
The strength and the beauty of God out-rolled
in a fiery screed!'

Then the little brown mother smiled,
As one does on the words of a well-loved child,
And, 'Son,' she replied, 'have the oxen been
watered and fed?
For work is to do, though the skies be never
so red,
And already the first sweet hours of the day
are spent.'
And he sighed, and went.

Will he come from the byre
With his head all misty with dreams, and his
eyes on fire,
Shaking us all with the weight of the words of
his passion?
I will give him raisins instead of dates,
And wreath the young leaves on the little red
plates.
I will put on my new head-tyre,
And braid my hair in a comelier fashion.
Will he note? Will he mind?
Will he touch my cheek as he used to, and
laugh and be kind?

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works,
and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street,
Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary com-
munications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings
Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.